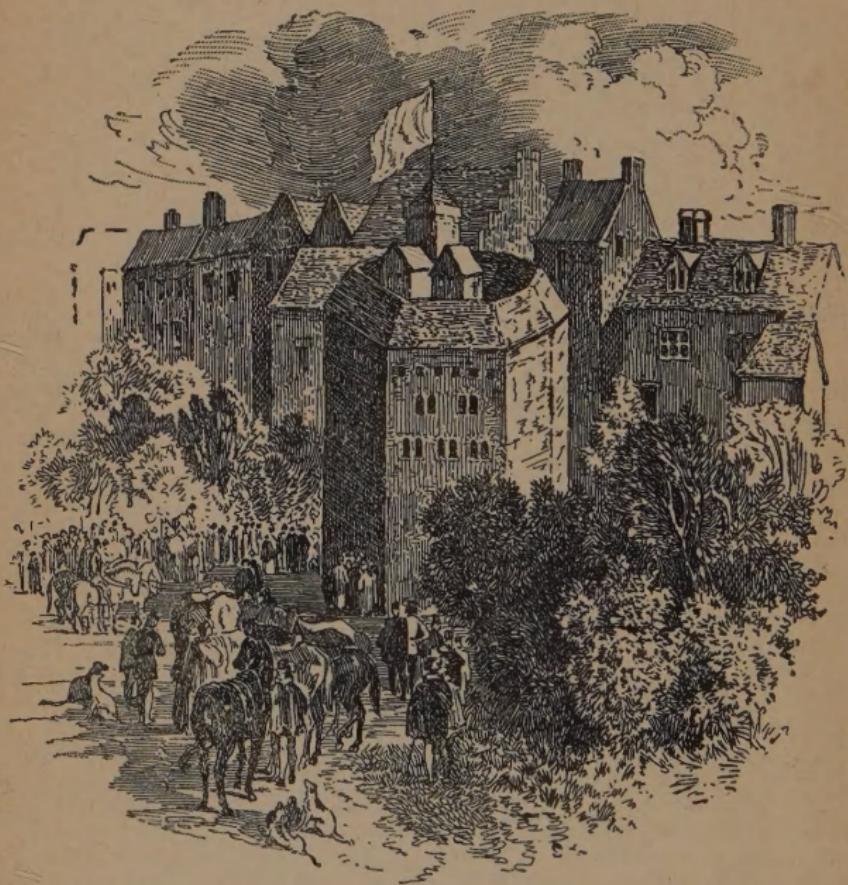


CONCORD TOWNSHIP,
HIGH SCHOOL
Elkhart County, Indiana



THE GLOBE THEATRE

SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

EDITED, WITH NOTES
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ILLUSTRATED

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OTHELLO.
W. P. 24

PREFACE

THIS edition of *Othello* was first published in 1879. As now revised, it is substantially a new edition on the same general plan as the revised *Merchant of Venice*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and other plays that have preceded it.

Many of the notes on *textual variations* have been either omitted or abridged. Those that have been retained are mostly on the passages in which different readings from the folio or the quarto have been adopted in the more important modern editions. For further information on this subject Dr. Furness's edition may be consulted. No teacher or critical student can afford to do without his encyclopedic volumes, in which all the readings and notes of the early and standard modern editions are recorded or epitomized, together with large extracts from the best commentators and much admirable criticism from Dr. Furness himself.

I have also omitted most of the "Critical Comments" from the introduction, as the books from which they were taken are now to be found in public or school libraries. For these extracts I have substituted familiar comments of my own, and have added more of the same kind in the Appendix. A concise account of Shakespeare's metre has also been inserted as an introduction to the Notes.

Minor changes have been made throughout the Notes. Some have been abridged, some have been expanded, and new ones have been added, including a

considerable number in place of those referring to my editions of other plays. The book is now absolutely complete in itself.

I believe that the new edition will be generally preferred to the old one; but both can be used, without serious inconvenience, in the same class or club.

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ARSENAL AT VENICE

823. 3

8



GENERAL OF VENICE IN TIME OF WAR

INTRODUCTION TO OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

THE first edition of *Othello* was a quarto, published in 1622 with the following title-page :—

THE | Tragoedy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. |
As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the | Globe, and
at the Black-Friers, by | his Maiesties Seruants. | Written
by VVilliam Shakespeare. | LONDON, | Printed by N. O.
for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop, at
the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622.

This edition had the following preface :—

“THE STATIONER TO THE READER

“To set forth a booke without ■■ Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, *A blew coat without a badge*, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventured to print this Play, and leauie it to the generall censure.

“Yours,

“Thomas VValkley.”

The next year it appeared in the first folio, where the text varies materially from that of the quarto, and was evidently printed from a different manuscript of the play.

Othello was formerly reckoned one of the latest of the plays, being dated by the editors and critics at various points between 1611 and 1614; but, according to the Accounts of the Masters of the Revels (published in 1842) “The Moor of Venis” was performed “in the Bankettinge house att Whitehall” on “Hallomas Day being the first of Novembar,” 1604. This and other similar entries were afterwards (1868) proved to be forgeries; but they have since been shown to be based on facts. Internal evidence also, it is now generally agreed, proves that the play was written in or near 1604. Stokes (*Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, 1878) shows that it was written before 1606 by the fact that in the quarto of 1622 (i. 1. 4) we find the oath “'Sblood”

(God's blood), while this is omitted in the folio. This indicates that the quarto was printed from a copy made before the act of Parliament issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays, etc. So "Zounds" and "by the mass" (in ii. 3) are found in the quarto, but not in the folio.

It must, however, be borne in mind that at the date assumed for the production of *Othello* Shakespeare was in the full maturity of his powers. He had already written *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth* and *Lear* were soon to follow. It seems fitting that these "four great tragedies" should be associated in their time of composition as in the preëminent rank they hold among the poet's works. There is no other such group in the literature of any country or any age.

As to the position which *Othello* is to hold among the four, the best critics do not agree; but there have not been wanting those who assigned it the foremost place. Macaulay expresses the opinion that it "is perhaps the greatest work in the world." Wordsworth says: "The tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions;" and again, in one of his sonnets, referring to books, he says:—

"There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, preëminently dear,—

The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb."

The earliest known reference to the play is found in the Ms. diary of Hans Jacob Wurmsser von Vendenhagen, who accompanied Louis Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg-Mumpelgard, in a diplomatic mission to England in 1610 on behalf of the Protestant German princes. In this little volume, preserved in the British Museum, we read under date of April 10, 1610: "S. E. [Son Eminence] alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire ou l'on joue les commedies; y fut representé l'histoire du More de Venise." There can be little doubt that this refers to Shakespeare's play.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The story of *Othello* appears to have been taken from the *Heccatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist, first published at Monte-Regale, in Sicily, in 1565. The tale is short, not longer than a single act of *Othello*, and the following is an outline of it:—

There lived at Venice a valiant Moor, held in great esteem for his military talent and services. Desdemona, a lady of marvellous beauty, attracted not by female fancy (*appetito donneisco*), but by his high virtues, became enamoured of the Moor, who returned her love, and, in spite of the opposition of her relatives, married her. They lived in great happiness in Venice until the Moor (he has no other name in the story) was chosen to the military command of Cyprus, whither his wife insisted on accom-

panying him. He took with him a favourite ensign, a man of great personal beauty, but of the most depraved heart — a boaster and a coward. His wife is the friend of Desdemona. The ensign falls passionately in love with Desdemona, who, wrapped up in love of her husband, pays no regard to him. His love then turns to bitter hate, and he resolves to charge her with infidelity, and to fix the Moor's suspicions upon a favourite captain of his. Soon after, that officer strikes and wounds a soldier on guard, for which the Moor cashiered him. Desdemona endeavours to obtain his pardon; and this gives the ensign an opportunity of insinuating accusations against her, and rousing the Moor's jealousy. These suspicions he confirms by stealing from her a favourite wrought handkerchief, and leaving it on the captain's bed. Then the Moor and his ensign plot together to kill Desdemona and her supposed lover. The latter is waylaid and wounded in the dark by the ensign. Desdemona is beaten to death by him also "with a stocking filled with sand"; and then the Moor and he attempt to conceal their murder by pulling down the ceiling, and giving out that she was killed by the fall of a beam. The Moor becomes almost frantic with his loss and turns upon the ensign, whom he degrades and drives from him. The ensign revenges himself by disclosing the murder to the captain, upon whose accusation to the senate the Moor is arrested, tried, tortured, and then banished, and afterwards killed by Desdemona's relatives.

Shakespeare owes to the tale only the general outline

of his plot, and the suggestion of the character of Desdemona, which, however, he has elevated as well as expanded. He is also indebted to Cinthio for the artful insinuations by which Iago first rouses the Moor's suspicions. But all else is essentially the poet's own. Cinthio's savage Moor and cunning ensign have scarcely anything in common with the heroic, the gentle, the terrible Othello, or with Iago's proud, contemptuous intellect, bitter wit, cool malignity, and "learned spirit." Cassio and Emilia owe to Shakespeare all their individuality; Roderigo, Brabantio, and the rest are entirely his creation.

GENERAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

Coleridge was the first to point out — what some of the earlier, and, indeed, some of the later critics needed to be reminded of — that the passion of Othello is not altogether jealousy, but rather a "solemn agony" that the woman who had been to him the ideal of purity should prove to be a wanton. Jealousy, in the strict sense, has its origin in the man's own suspicious nature, and is generally groundless or based upon "trifles light as air" that are misconceived and magnified by foul surmise. It is nourished, as Massinger says, —

"with imagined food,
Holding no real ground on which to raise
A building of suspicion she was ever
Or can be false ; "

or, as Hunter says, in commenting upon Iago's description of it as

"the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on"

(not "make" it, as some alter the reading, though that is also true enough): "Jealousy mocks the person who surrenders his mind to her influence, deluding him perpetually with some new show of suspicion, sporting with his agonized feelings, just as the feline tribe sport with the prey which they have got into their power." Ford, in the *Merry Wives*, and Leontes, in *The Winter's Tale*, are jealous; the one with only comical, the other with almost tragical results, but both without the shadow of reason for their suspicions. But Othello, as he himself says, is "not easily jealous"; and when Iago tells him he is — which he would not have done if he had not known it was a lie — Othello, with honest indignation, replies: —

" Why, why is this ?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? . . . 'T is not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes and chose me. No, Iago !
I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt prove ;
And on the proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy ! "

And it is not until Iago does make him "see" what seems to be "proof," and adds his own lying testimony concerning Cassio's talk in his sleep and other falsehoods no less incriminating, that he is compelled to believe Desdemona guilty. The evidence furnished by "honest Iago" would have convicted her of infidelity in a court of law.

As Ulrici remarks, "Othello nowhere gives utterance to jealousy before he is excited and spurred on to it by Iago. Not a word of anxiety, of uneasiness, or of suspicion passes his lips, not a thought of the possibility of Desdemona's infidelity is in his heart. Even Iago's assertions are by no means trusted at once; Othello demands proofs, striking, irresistible proofs. It is only when he thinks that he has the evidence clearly in his hands that there first springs forth that jealousy which had hitherto existed but as a germ; being, however, matured by his hot blood, by his excitable feelings, and the glowing power of his imagination, it spreads like wild-fire. . . . But the man who has reasons for being jealous is himself not actually jealous. The nature of the passion consists rather in the fact that it invariably seeks for something where nothing is to be found. The passion of pain and anger about actual infidelity is as justifiable as that excited by any other moral offence committed by the one we love. Nevertheless Othello's pain and rage have externally the appearance of jealousy, partly on account of the vehemence with which he expresses himself, partly because the proofs are as yet proofs only for *him*, in reality no proofs,

or because it is his misfortune to be inexpressibly belied and deceived."

Dowden also says : " Since Coleridge made the remark, all critics of Othello are constrained to repeat after him that the passion of the Moor is not altogether jealousy — it is rather the agony of being compelled to hate that which he supremely loved : —

‘ Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.’

It is with an agonized sense of justice that he destroys the creature who is dearest to him in the world, knowing certainly that with hers his own true life must cease. Nay, it is not with the cessation of Desdemona's breath that the life of Othello ends ; he is unable to survive the loss of faith in her perfect purity. All that had been glorious becomes remote and impossible for him if Desdemona be false. We hear the great childlike sob of Othello's soul :

‘ O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue ! ’

From the first suggestion of suspicion by his ensnarer, Othello is impatient for assurance, and finds suspense intolerable. Why? Not surely because he is eager to convict his wife of infidelity ; but rather because he will not allow his passionate desire to believe her pure to abuse him, and retain him in a fool's paradise, while a great agony may possibly remain before him."

Of "the issue of the tragic story" the same critic remarks: "The central point of its spiritual import lies in the contrast between Iago and his victim. Iago, with keen intellectual faculties and manifold culture in Italian vice, lives and thrives after his fashion in a world from which all virtue and all beauty are absent. Othello, with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which were to him the highest and most real things upon earth. Or if he live, life must become to him a cruel agony. Shakspere compels us to acknowledge that self-slaughter is a rapturous energy—that such prolonged agony is joy in comparison with the earthly life-in-death of such a soul as that of Iago. . . . To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives, devouring the dust and stinging—this is more appalling. . . . Othello dies 'upon a kiss.' He perceives his own calamitous error, and he recognizes Desdemona pure and loyal as she was. Goodness is justified of her child. It is evil which suffers defeat. It is Iago whose whole existence has been most blind, purposeless, and miserable—a struggle against the virtuous powers of the world, by which at last he stands convicted and condemned."

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Venice; a seaport in Cyprus.*



ST. MARK'S PLACE, VENICE

ACT I

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO

Roderigo. Tush ! never tell me ; I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me ;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Roderigo. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him,— and, by the faith of man, 10
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place,—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators ; for, ‘Certes,’ says he,
‘I have already chose my officer.’
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he ; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election ;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd 30
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster.
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I— God bless the mark ! — his Moorship’s ancient

Roderigo. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy ; 't is the curse of service, Preferment goes by letter and affection, And not by old gradation, where each second Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself Whether I in any just term am affin'd To love the Moor.

Roderigo. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you ; I follow him to serve my turn upon him. We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave That, doting on his own obsequious bondage, Wears out his time, much like his master's ass, For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd. Whip me such honest knaves ! Others there are Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats

Do themselves homage ; these fellows have some soul, And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo, Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago. In following him, I follow but myself ; Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end.
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 't is not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at ; I am not what I am.

Roderigo. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry 't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies. Though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
 As it may lose some colour.

Roderigo. Here is her father's house ; I 'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Roderigo. What, ho, Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho, Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
 thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags ! 80
 Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO appears above, at a window

Brabantio. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
 mons ?

What is the matter there ?

Roderigo. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Brabantio. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you 're robb'd; for shame, put on
your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul.

Awake the snorting citizens with a bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say.

Brabantio. What, have you lost your wits? 90

Roderigo. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Brabantio. Not I; what are you?

Roderigo. My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio. The worser welcome;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Roderigo. Sir, sir, sir,—

Brabantio. But thou must needs be sure 100

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo. Patience, good sir.

Brabantio. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is

Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Roderigo. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.

Brabantio. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Brabantio. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Roderigo. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,

110

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself;
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state

120

For thus deluding you.

Brabantio. Strike on the tinder, ho ! 130

Give me a taper ! call up all my people ! —

This accident is not unlike my dream ;

Belief of it oppresses me already. —

Light, I say ! light ! [Exit above.]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd — as, if I stay, I shall —

Against the Moor ; for, I do know, the state,

However this may gall him with some check,

Cannot with safety cast him, for he 's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

140

Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none

To lead their business ; in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches

Brabantio. It is too true an evil ; gone she is, 150
And what 's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. — Now, Roderigo,

Where didst thou see her? — O unhappy girl !
With the Moor, say'st thou? — Who would be a father! —

How didst thou know 't was she? — O, she deceives me
Past thought! — What said she to you? — Get more tapers!

Raise all my kindred! — Are they married, think you?

Roderigo. Truly, I think they are.

Brabantio. O heaven! — How got she out? — O treason of the blood! —

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds 160
By what you see them act. — Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Roderigo. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Brabantio. Call up my brother. — O, would you had had her! —

Some one way, some another. — Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Roderigo. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Brabantio. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;

170

I may command at most. — Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night. —
On, good Roderigo; I 'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another Street*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murther ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Othello. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, 10
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's ; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Othello. Let him do his spite ;
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 20
I shall promulgate — I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd ; for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come yond ?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends ;
 You were best go in.

Othello. Not I ; I must be found. 30
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches

Othello. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—

The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
 What is the news ?

Cassio. The duke does greet you, general,
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, think you ?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
 It is a business of some heat ; the galleys
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night at one another's heels,
 And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
 Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd
 for :

When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Othello. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[Exit.]

Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack ;
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

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Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He 's married.

Cassio. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO

Iago. Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go ?

Othello. Have with you.

Cassio. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches
and weapons*

Othello. Holla ! stand there !

Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moor.

Brabantio. Down with him, thief !

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Othello. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them. —

Good signior, you shall more command with years 60
Than with your weapons.

Brabantio. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70
Of such a thing as thou, — to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion. I 'll have 't disputed on ;
'T is probable and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist, 80
Subdue him at his peril.

Othello. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest ;
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Brabantio. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Othello. What if I do obey?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state,
 To bring me to him?

90

1 Officer. 'T is true, most worthy signior ;
 The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Brabantio. How ! the duke in council !
 In this time of the night ! — Bring him away.
 Mine 's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own ;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Council-chamber*

The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table ; Officers attending

Duke. There is no composition in these news
 That gives them credit.

1 Senator. Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
 My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Senator. And mine, two hundred ;
 But though they jump not on a just account, —
 As in these cases, where the aim reports,

'T is oft with difference — yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within] What, ho ! what, ho ! what, ho !

I Officer. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor

Duke. Now, what 's the business ?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

I Senator. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason ; 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in,— if we make thought of
this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain

To wake and wage a danger profitless.

30

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

I Officer. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

I Senator. Ay, so I thought. — How many, as you guess?

Messenger. Of thirty sail ; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. — Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

40

Duke. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

I Senator. He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him ; post-post-haste dispatch.

I Senator. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman. —

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you ; welcome, gentle
signior ;

50

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Brabantio. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon
me ;

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
 Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care
 Take hold on me, for my particular grief
 Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
 That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
 And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Brabantio. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Senators. Dead?

Brabantio. Ay, to me.

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 60
 For nature so preposterously to err,
 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
 Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
 Stood in your action.

Brabantio. Humbly I thank your grace. 70
 Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
 Your special mandate for the state affairs
 Hath hither brought.

Duke and Senators. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own part, can you
 say to this?

Brabantio. Nothing, but this is so.

Othello. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending 80
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 90
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.

Brabantio. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself ; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

i Senator. But, Othello, speak : 110
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Othello. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120
Othello. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the
place.— [Exeunt Iago and attendants.]
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,

Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year,— the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

130

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,

And portance in my travel's history ;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,

140

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, — such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline,

But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

She 'd come again and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse ; which I observing

150

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent,

And often did beguile her of her tears

When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
 She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
 strange,

160

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful ;
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man ; she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—
 Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best ;
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

Brabantio. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head if my bad blame
 Light on the man !— Come hither, gentle mistress ;
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Desdemona.

My noble father,

180

I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;
I am hitherto your daughter ; but here 's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Brabantio. God be with you ! — I have done. —
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ; 190
I had rather to adopt a child than get it. —
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. — For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. — I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers 200

Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,

Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Brabantio. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ; 210
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words ; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state. 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you ; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you. You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Othello. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war 230
My thrice-driven bed of down ; I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,

Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Brabantio. I 'll not have it so.

240

Othello. Nor I.

Desdemona. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Desdemona. That I did love the Moor to live with
him

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart 's subdued 250
Even to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Othello. Let her have your voices. 260
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,

To please the palate of my appetite,
 Nor to comply with heat — the young affects
 In me defunct — and proper satisfaction,
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind ;
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant
 For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dulness
 My speculative and offic'd instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation !

270

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer it.

I Senator. You must away to-night.

Othello. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
 again.—

280

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you,
 With such things else of quality and respect
 As dót import you.

Othello. So please your grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust.
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so. —

Good night to every one. — And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

290

1 Senator. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona
well.

Brabantio. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes
to see ;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, etc.*

Othello. My life upon her faith ! — Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage. —
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

300

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Roderigo. Iago —

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Roderigo. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Roderigo. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why,
thou silly gentleman !

Roderigo. It is silliness to live when to live is tor-
ment ; and then have we a prescription to die when
death is our physician.

310

Iago. O villainous ! I have looked upon the world

for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Roderigo. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ! a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we are ³²⁰ thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners ; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions ; but we have ³³⁰ reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Roderigo. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness ; I could never better steady thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow ³⁴⁰

these wars ; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money ;—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth. When ³⁵⁰ she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice ; she must have change, she must ;—therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ;—therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way ; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy ³⁶⁰ than to be drowned and go without her.

Roderigo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him ; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me ■ sport. There are many

events in the womb of time which will be delivered. 370
Traverse ! go, provide thy money. We will have
more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo. Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Roderigo. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Roderigo. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear ?

Roderigo. I am changed ; I 'll sell all my land.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ; 380
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well ;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man. Let me see now ;
To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery — How, how? — Let 's see ; 390
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.

I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night 400
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*]



Acc. 551

CITADEL AT FAMAGUSTA, CYPRUS

ACT II

SCENE I. *A Seaport in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen

Montano. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gentleman. Nothing at all. It is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Montano. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

■ *Gentleman.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet. 10
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Montano. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enselter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman

3 *Gentleman.* News, lads! our wars are done. 20
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designation halts; a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Montano. How! is this true?

3 *Gentleman.* The ship is here put in.
A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Montano. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor. 30

3 *Gentleman.* But this same Cassio, though he speak
of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Montano.

Pray heavens he be !

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho !
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3 Gentleman. Come, let 's do so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO

Cassio. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor ! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Montano. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cassio. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50
Stand in bold cure. [A cry within, 'A sail, a sail, a sail !'

Enter a fourth Gentleman

Cassio. What noise ?

4 Gentleman. The town is empty ; on the brow o' the
sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, 'A sail !'

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[Guns heard.]

2 Gentleman. They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;
Our friends at least.

Cassio. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 Gentleman. I shall. [Exit.]

Montano. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cassio. Most fortunately ; he hath achiev'd a maid 61
That paragons description and wild fame,
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the enginer.—

Re-enter second Gentleman

How now ! who has put in ?

2 Gentleman. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cassio. He 's had most favourable and happy speed.
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel, 70
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Montano. What is she ?

Cassio. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.— Great Jove, Othello guard,

And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus comfort ! —

80

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
 Attendants*

O, behold,
 The riches of the ship is come on shore !
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. —
 Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round !

Desdemona. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cassio. He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught
 But that he 's well and will be shortly here.

Desdemona. O, but I fear — How lost you company ?

Cassio. The great contention of the sea and skies 91
 Parted our fellowship — But, hark ! a sail.

[Within, 'A sail, a sail !' *Guns heard.*

2 Gentleman. They give their greeting to the citadel ;
 This likewise is a friend.

Cassio. See for the news. — [Exit Gentleman.]
 Good ancient, you are welcome. — [To Emilia] Welcome,
 mistress. —

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
 That I extend my manners ; 't is my breeding
 That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [Kissing her.]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

100

Desdemona. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep.
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart
And chides with thinking.

Emilia. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of
doors,
Bells in your parlours, wildcats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds.

110

Desdemona. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emilia. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Desdemona. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't,
For I am nothing if not critical.

Desdemona. Come on, assay.—There's one gone to
the harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

120

Desdemona. I am not merry ; but I do beguile

The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all ; but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Desdemona. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and
witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Desdemona. Worse and worse.

Emilia. How if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Desdemona. These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish ?

Iago. There 's none so foul and foolish thereunto, 140
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones
do.

Desdemona. O heavy ignorance ! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a
deserving woman indeed, one that in the authority of
her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice
itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,

Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,' 150
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Desdemona. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Desdemona. O most lame and impotent conclusion ! 160
— Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.— How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cassio. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside] He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out 170 of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips?—[Trumpet within.] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cassio. 'T is truly so.

Desdemona. Let 's meet him and receive him.

Cassio. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants

Othello. O my fair warrior !

Desdemona. My dear Othello ! 180

Othello. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. 190

Desdemona. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow !

Othello. Amen to that, sweet powers !
I cannot speak enough of this content ;
It stops me here, it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [Kissing her.
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. [Aside] O, you are well tun'd now !
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Othello. Come, let us to the castle. 200

News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle? —
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus ;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. — I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. — Come, Desdemona, 210
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
— Come hither. — If thou be'st valiant, — as, they
say, base men being in love have then a nobility in
their natures more than is native to them, — list me.
The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.
First, I must tell thee this — Desdemona is directly in
love with him.

Roderigo. With him ! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be in- 220
structed. Mark me with what violence she first loved
the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical
lies ; and will she love him still for prating ? let not
thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ;
and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ?
When the blood is made dull, there should be, again
to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite,
loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and

beauties, all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate ²³⁰ tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further consonable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none; a ²⁴⁰ slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Roderigo. I cannot believe that in her; she 's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is ²⁵⁰ made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Roderigo. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.

They met so near with their lips that their breaths
embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo !
But, sir, be you ruled by me ; I have brought you ²⁶⁰
from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for the command
I 'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I 'll not
be far from you ; do you find some occasion to anger
Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his
discipline, or from what other course you please which
the time shall more favourably minister.

Roderigo. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler,
and haply may strike at you. Provoke him that he
may ; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus ²⁷⁰
to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true
taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall
you have a shorter journey to your desires by the
means I shall then have to prefer them ; and the im-
pediment most profitably removed without the which
there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Roderigo. I will do this, if I can bring it to any
opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the
citadel ;

I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell. ²⁸⁰

Roderigo. Adieu. [Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
That she loves him, 't is apt and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of ■ constant, loving, noble nature,

And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too ;
 Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,
 But partly led to diet my revenge, 290
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat ; the thought whereof
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, 300
 I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, —
 For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too, —
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me.
 For making him egregiously an ass
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd ;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Street*

Enter a Herald with a proclamation ; People following

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and
 valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived,

importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him, for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants

Othello. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night ;
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cassio. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Othello. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night ; to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.— [*To Desdemona*] Come,
my dear love.—
Good night.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO

Cassio. Welcome, Iago ; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 't is not yet ten o'

10

the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame.

Cassio. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cassio. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

Cassio. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cassio. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking ; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup. I 'll drink for you.

Cassio. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 't is a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cassio. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Cassio. I 'll do 't ; but it dislikes me.

[Exit.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,

40

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep ; and he 's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus,— noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, 50
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.— But here they come ;
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO ; with him MONTANO and Gentleman ;
Servants following with wine*

Cassio. Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.
Montano. Good faith, ■ little one ; not past a pint, as
I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[Sings] *And let me the canakin clink, clink !*

And let me the canakin clink !

A soldier 's a man ;

A life 's but a span ;

Why, then, let a soldier drink !

Some wine, boys !

Cassio. Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English. 7c

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cassio. To the health of our general !

Montano. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England ! 8c

[Sings] *King Stephen was a worthy peer,*

His breeches cost him but a crown ;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree.

'T is pride that pulls the country down ;

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho !

Cassio. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other. 9c

Iago. Will you hear 't again ?

Cassio. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God 's above

all ; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cassio. For mine own part,— no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,— I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

100

Cassio. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this ; let 's to our affairs.— Forgive us our sins !— Gentlemen, let 's look to our business.— Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

109

Cassio. Why, very well then ; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Montano. To the platform, masters ; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before :
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction ; and do but see his vice.
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other ; 't is pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

110

Montano. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep ;

He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Montano. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils ; is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO

Iago. [Aside to him] How now, Roderigo ! 129
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [Exit Roderigo.]

Montano. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity ;
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil — But, hark ! what noise ?

[Cry within : ' Help ! help ! '

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO

Cassio. You rogue ! you rascal !

Montano. What 's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cassio. A knave teach me my duty !
I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle. 140

Roderigo. Beat me !

Cassio. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[Striking Roderigo.]

Montano.

Nay, good lieutenant ;
[Staying him.]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cassio.

Let me go, sir,

Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Montano.

Come, come, you 're drunk

Cassio. Drunk !

[They fight.]

Iago. [Aside to Roderigo] Away, I say ; go out, and
cry a mutiny.— [Exit Roderigo.]

Nay, good lieutenant,— alas, gentlemen !—

Help, ho !— Lieutenant,— sir,— Montano,— sir ;—

Help, masters !— Here 's a goodly watch indeed !—

[Bell rings.]

Who 's that which rings the bell ?— Diablo, ho !

The town will rise ; God's will, lieutenant, hold !

150

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants

Othello.

What is the matter here ?

Montano. Zounds, I bleed still ; I am hurt to the
death. [Faints.]

Othello. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,— sir,— Montano,—
gentlemen !—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, hold, for
shame !

Othello. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth
this ?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
 Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl ! 160
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
 Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—
 Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle
 From her propriety. — What is the matter, masters ? —
 Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know : friends all but now, even now,
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now —
 As if some planet had unwitted men — 170
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds,
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Othello. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cassio. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Othello. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great 180
 In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Montano. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you, —

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

190

Othello. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

200

Montano. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,

210

There comes a fellow crying out for help,
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause ;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest by his clamour — as it so fell out —
 The town might fall in fright ; he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back —
 For this was brief — I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report.
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget.
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity
 Which patience could not pass.

Othello. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. — Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine. —

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ! —
 I 'll make thee an example.

220

230

Desdemona.

What's the matter?

Othello. All's well now, sweeting ; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—
Lead him off.—

241

*[Montano is led off.]**Iago,* look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, *Desdemona* ; 't is the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.*[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.]**Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?*Cassio.* Ay, past all surgery.*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid !*Cassio.* Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I 250
have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal
part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputa-
tion, *Iago*, my reputation !*Iago.* As I am ~~an~~ honest man, I thought you had
received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in
that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and
most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost
without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all,
unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man !
there are ways to recover the general again. You 260
are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more
in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat
his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue
to him again and he 's yours.*Cassio.* I would rather sue to be despised than
to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so

drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil !

271

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cassio. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cassio. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains ! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts !

280

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough ; how came you thus recovered?

Cassio. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath ; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cassio. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! O strange ! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

295

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a ³⁰⁰ time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general ; I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her ; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter ; ³¹⁰ and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cassio. I think it freely ; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieuten- ³²⁰ ant ; I must to the watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit.

Iago. And what 's he then that says I play the villain, When this advice is free I give and honest,

Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor — were 't to renounce his baptism, 330
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? — Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool 340
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear, —
That she repeals him for her body's lust,
And by how much she strives to do him good
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all. —

Enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo. I do follow here in the chase, not like a 350

hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time. 360
Does 't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe ;
Content thyself awhile. — By the mass, 't is morning ;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted.
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter.
Nay, get thee gone. — [Exit Roderigo.] Two things
are to be done :
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress, 370
I 'll set her on ;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. — Ay, that 's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.]



VENETIAN REMAINS AT FAMAGUSTA

ACT III

SCENE I. *Before the Castle*

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians

Cassio. Masters, play here ; I will content your pains :
Something that 's brief ; and bid good morrow, general.

[*Music.*]

Enter Clown

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been
in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

I Musician. How, sir, how !

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments ?

I Musician. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tale. But, masters, here's money for you ; and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

I Musician. Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again ; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

I Musician. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go ; vanish into air ; away !

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cassio. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Cassio. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech ; wilt thou do this ?

Clown. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cassio. Do, good my friend.—

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?

3c

Cassio. Why, no ; the day had broke

Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife ; my suit to her
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently ;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cassio. I humbly thank you for 't.—[Exit *Iago.*] I
never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

40

Enter EMILIA

Emilia. Good morrow, good lieutenant ; I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you ; but he protests he loves
you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cassio. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emilia. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen

Othello. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate.
That done, I will be walking on the works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.

Othello. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't ?

Gentlemen. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Garden of the Castle*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA

Desdemona. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emilia. Good madam, do ; I warrant it grieves
my husband

As if the case were his.

Desdemona. O, that 's an honest fellow. — Do not
doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous madam,

Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Desdemona. I know 't; I thank you. You do love
my lord ; 10

You have known him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cassio. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Desdemona. Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, 20
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest ;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emilia. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cassio. Madam, I 'll take my leave. 30

Desdemona. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cassio. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Desdemona. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Othello. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord ; or if — I know not what.

Othello. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Othello. I do believe 't was he. 40

Desdemona. How now, my lord !

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Othello. Who is 't you mean ?

Desdemona. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my
lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face. 50
I prithee, call him back.

Othello. Went he hence now ?

Desdemona. Ay, sooth ; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Othello. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Desdemona. But shall 't be shortly ?

Othello. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Desdemona. Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

Othello. No, not to-night.

Desdemona. To-morrow dinner, then ?

Othello. I shall not dine at home ;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Desdemona. Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,

60

On Tuesday noon or night, on Wednesday morn ;
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith, he 's penitent ;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason —
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best — is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello ; I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio, 70
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
Hath ta'en your part, — to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much —

Othello. Prithee, no more. Let him come when he
will ;
I will deny thee nothing.

Desdemona. Why, this is not a boon ;
'T is ■■ I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do ■ peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit

80

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Othello. I will deny thee nothing ;
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Desdemona. Shall I deny you? no; farewell, my lord.

Othello. Farewell, my Desdemona ; I 'll come to thee straight.

Desdemona. Emilia, come. — Be as your fancies teach
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Othello. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul

90

But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, —

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love ?

Othello. He did, from first to last ; why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello. O, yes ; and went between us very oft. 100

Iago. Indeed !

Othello. Indeed ! ay, indeed ; discern'st thou aught
in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord !

Othello. Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Othello. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Othello. Think, my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.— Thou dost mean some-
thing.

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,

When Cassio left my wife ; what didst not like ? 110

And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed ! '

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Othello. I think thou dost,

And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more ; 120

For such things in a false disloyal knave

Are tricks of custom, but in a man that 's just
They are close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Othello. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

Othello. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.

Othello. Nay, yet there 's more in this. 130
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminant, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and
false, —

As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit 140
With meditations lawful ?

Othello. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you —
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble 150
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Othello.

What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him 160
 And makes me poor indeed.

Othello. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot if my heart were in your hand,
 Nor shall not whilst 't is in my custody.

Othello. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves! 170

Othello. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;

But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Othello. Why, why is this ?
Think'st thou I 'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt 180
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well —
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous ;
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago !
I 'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ; 190
And on the proof there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love or jealousy !

Iago. I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit ; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to 't. 200

I know our country disposition well,
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Othello. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Othello. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak — 210
He thought 't was witchcraft — but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Othello. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Othello. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you 're mov'd;
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion. 220

Othello. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend —
My lord, I see you 're mov'd.

Othello. No, not much mov'd ;
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Othello. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there 's the point; as — to be bold with
you —

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree, 230
Whereto we see in all things nature tends —
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. —
But pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Othello. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago. 240

Iago. [Going] My lord, I take my leave.

Othello. Why did I marry ? This honest creature
doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat
your honour
To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time.
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears —
As worthy cause I have to fear I am —
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

250

Othello. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.]

Othello. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, — yet that 's not much —
She 's gone. I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad, 260
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great ones ;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base.
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death ;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. — Desdemona comes.

270

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !
I 'll not believe 't.

Desdemona. How now, my dear Othello !
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

280

Othello. I am to blame.

Desdemona. Why do you speak so faintly ?
Are you not well ?

Othello. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Desdemona. Faith, that 's with watching ; 't will away
again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Othello. Your napkin is too little ;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him ; and it drops.*

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

Desdemona. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Emilia. I am glad I have found this napkin. 290
This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en
out

And give 't Iago. What he will do with it

Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300

Emilia. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—

Emilia. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emilia. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emilia. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emilia. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is

Iago. A good wench: give it me.

Emilia. What will you do with 't, that you have been
so earnest
To have me filch it?

Jago. [Snatching it]

Emilia. If it be not for some purpose of import
Give 't me again; poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowledg'd on 't; I have use for it. 319
Go, leave me. — *Exit Emilia*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison;
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;
Look, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Othello. Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

Iago. Why, how now, general ! no more of that.

Othello. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the
rack.

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.

Jago. How now, my lord !

Othello. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me.
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ; 340
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Othello. I had been happy if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation 's gone !

350

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord ?

Othello. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof,
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath !

360

Iago. Is 't come to this ?

Othello. Make me to see 't, or, at the least, so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd ;

370

For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven forgive me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?
God be wi' you ; take mine office. O wretched fool
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit ; and from hence
I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence. 380

Othello. Nay, stay ; thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty 's a fool
And loses that it works for.

Othello. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied ! 390

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Othello. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may ; but, how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Othello. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ;

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,

400

Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;

One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say ' Sweet Desdemona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ; '

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

410

Cry ' O sweet creature ! ' and then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots

That grew upon my lips ; and sigh'd, and then

Cried ' Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor ! '

Othello. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Othello. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;

'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello. I 'll tear her all to pieces !

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;

420

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Othello. I gave her such a one ; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief —
I am sure it was your wife's — did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Othello.

If it be that, —

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Othello. O, that the slave had forty thousand
lives!

430

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.—
'T is gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Othello. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may
change.

440

Othello. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,

[Kneels.

In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.]
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [They rise.]

Othello. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't;
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive. [460]

Iago. My friend is dead, 't is done at your request;
But let her live.

Othello. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Before the Castle*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown

Desdemona. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Desdemona. Why, man ?

Clown. He 's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies is stabbing.

Desdemona. Go to ; where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Desdemona. Can any thing be made of this ? 10

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Desdemona. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Clown. I will catechise the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Desdemona. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well. 20

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

Desdemona. Where should I lose that handkerchief,

Emilia ?

Emilia. I know not, madam.

Desdemona. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes ; and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emilia.

Is he not jealous ?

Desdemona. Who, he ? I think the sun where he was born

30

Drew all such humours from him.

Emilia. Look, where he comes.

Desdemona. I will not leave him now till Cassio Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO

How is 't with you, my lord ?

Othello. Well, my good lady. — [Aside] O, hardness to dissemble ! —

How do you, Desdemona ?

Desdemona. Well, my good lord.

Othello. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.

Hot, hot, and moist ! this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

40

Much castigation, exercise devout ;

For here 's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,

A frank one.

Desdemona. You may, indeed, say so, For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello. A liberal hand ; the hearts of old gave hands, But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Desdemona. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Othello. What promise, chuck?

Desdemona. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you.

Othello. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Desdemona. Here, my lord.

Othello. That which I gave you.

Desdemona. I have it not about me.

Othello. Not ?

Desdemona. No, indeed, my lord.

Othello. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give.

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people ; she told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable and subdue my father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

60

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies. She dying gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so ; and take heed on 't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye.

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Desdemona. Is 't possible ?

Othello. 'T is true ; there 's magic in the web of it.

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

70

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
 And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona. Indeed ! is 't true ?
Othello. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.
Desdemona. Then would to God that I had never
 seen 't !

Othello. Ha ! wherefore ?

Desdemona. Why do you speak so startlingly and
 rash ?

Othello. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out o' the
 way ? 80

Desdemona. Heaven bless us !

Othello. Say you ?

Desdemona. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Othello. How !

Desdemona. I say, it is not lost.

Othello. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Desdemona. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
 This is a trick to put me from my suit ;
 Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Othello. Fetch me the handkerchief ; my mind mis-
 gives.

Desdemona. Come, come ;
 You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Othello. The handkerchief !

Desdemona. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Othello. The handkerchief !

Desdemona. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—

Othello. The handkerchief!

Desdemona. In sooth, you are to blame.

Othello. Away!

[Exit.]

Emilia. Is not this man jealous?

Desdemona. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief; 100
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emilia. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man.
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.—Look you, Cassio and my husband!

Enter CASSIO and IAGO

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't.—
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Desdemona. How now, good Cassio! what 's the
news with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again 110
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity

Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so must be my benefit,
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 And shut myself up in some other course
 To fortune's alms.

130

Desdemona. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio !
 My advocation is not now in tune ;
 My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure
 For my free speech ! You must awhile be patient.
 What I can do I will, and more I will
 Than for myself I dare ; let that suffice you.

130

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emilia. He went hence but now,
 And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ; — and can he be angry ?
 Something of moment then. I will go meet him ;
 There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Desdemona. I prithee, do so. — [Exit *Iago*.]

Something, sure, of state,
 Either from Venice or some unhatch'd practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, 140
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and in such cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so ;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am, 154
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.

Emilia. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you
think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Desdemona. Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

Emilia. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so.
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous ; 't is a monster 160
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Desdemona. Heaven keep that monster from Othel-
lo's mind !

Emilia. Lady, amen.

Desdemona. I will go seek him. — Cassio, walk here
about ;
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cassio. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter BIANCA

Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cassio. What make you from home ?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house. 170

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
O weary reckoning !

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca ;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,
But I shall in a more continuatue time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.]
Take me this work out.

Bianca. O Cassio, whence came this ?
This is some token from a newer friend ; 180
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is 't come to this ? Well, well.

Cassio. Go to, woman !
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance ;
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bianca. Why, whose is it ?

Cassio. I know not, sweet ; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well ; ere it be demanded —

As like enough it will — I 'd have it copied.
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

190

Bianca. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cassio. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bianca. Why, I pray you ?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bianca. But that you do not love me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cassio, 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here ; but I 'll see you soon.

Bianca. 'T is very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.

200

[*Exeunt.*



PIAZZA OF THE MOSQUE, FAMAGUSTA

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

Iago. Will you think so?

Othello.

Think so, Iago !

Iago.

What,

To kiss in private ?

Othello. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

It is hypocrisy against the devil ;

They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip ;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, —

Othello. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 't is hers, my lord ; and, being hers, She may, I think, bestow 't on any man. 10

Othello. She is protectress of her honour too ; May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ; They have it very oft that have it not. But, for the handkerchief,—

Othello. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it. Thou said'st — O, it comes o'er my memory, As doth the raven o'er the infected house, Boding to all — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Othello. That 's not so good now. .

Iago. What, If I had said I had seen him do you wrong ? 21 Or heard him say, — as knaves be such abroad. Who having, by their own importunate suit, Or voluntary dotage of some mistress, Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose But they must blab —

Othello. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd, No more than he'll unswear.

Othello. What hath he said ?

Iago. Faith, that he did — I know not what he did.

Othello. What? what? — Handkerchief — confes- 30 sions — handkerchief ! — To confess, and be hanged for his labour ; — first, to be hanged, and then to con-

fess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess — handkerchief!—O devil! [Falls in a trance.]

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught ;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus, 40
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord !
My lord, I say ! Othello !—

Enter CASSIO

How now, Cassio?

Cassio. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy.

'This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cassio. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;

'The lethargy must have his quiet course.

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight ; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.—

Exit Cassio.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Othello. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you ! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man !

Othello. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Othello. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;

Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd 60

May draw with you. There 's millions now alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Othello. O, thou art wise ; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart.

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief — 70

A passion most unsuiting such a man —

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,

Bade him anon return and here speak with me ;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face ;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife.

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;

80

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Othello. Dost thou hear, Iago ?
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But — dost thou hear? — most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss ;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? —

[*Othello retires.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes. It is a creature
That dotes on Cassio ; as 't is the strumpet's plague 90
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. — Here he comes. —

Re-enter CASSIO

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

Cassio. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't. 100
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed !

Cassio. Alas, poor caitiff !

Othello. Look, how he laughs already !

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cassio. Alas, poor rogue ! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Othello. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Othello. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er. Go to ; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her ;
Do you intend it ?

110

Cassio. Ha, ha, ha !

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?

Cassio. I marry her ! what ? a customer ! Prithee,
bear some charity to my wit ; do not think it so un-
wholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

Othello. So, so, so, so ; they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cassio. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Othello. Have you scored me ? Well.

120

Cassio. This is the monkey's own giving-out ; she
is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and
flattery, not out of my promise.

Othello. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now ; she haunts me in
every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-
bank with certain Venetians ; and thither comes the
bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my
neck —

Othello. Crying 'O dear Cassio !' as it were ; his 130
gesture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber.—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cassio. 'T is such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—

143
Enter BIANCA

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bianca. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't.

150

Cassio. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Othello. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bianca. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cassio. Faith, I must; she 'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Faith, I intend so.

160

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cassio. Prithee, come ; will you ?

Iago. Go to ; say no more. [Exit Cassio.]

Othello. [Advancing] How shall I murther him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

Othello. O Iago !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Othello. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours, by this hand ; and to see how he 170 prizes the foolish woman your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Othello. I would have him nine years a-killing.— A fine woman ! a fair woman ! ■ sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night ; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.— O, the world hath not a sweeter creature ; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

180

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Othello. Hang her ! I do but say what she is ; so delicate with her needle ! an admirable musician ! O ! she will sing the savageness out of a bear ! of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Othello. O, a thousand thousand times ; — and then, of so gentle a condition !

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Othello. Nay, that's certain ; — but yet the pity of it, Iago ! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago ! 191

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Othello. I will chop her into messes ! cuckold me !

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Othello. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Othello. Get me some poison, Iago, this night, — I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again, — this night, Iago. 201

Iago. Do it not with poison ; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Othello. Good, good ! the justice of it pleases ; very good !

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker ; you shall hear more by midnight.

Othello. Excellent good ! — [A trumpet within] What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. — 'T is Lodovico 210 Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants

Lodovico. Save you, worthy general !

Othello. With all my heart, sir.

Lodovico. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a letter.]

Othello. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Desdemona. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lodovico. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Desdemona. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and
my lord

220

An unkind breach ; but you shall make all well.

Othello. Are you sure of that ?

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. [Reads] 'This fail you not to do, — you
will — '

Lodovico. He did not call ; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

Desdemona. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Othello. Fire and brimstone !

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. Are you wise ?

Desdemona. What, is he angry ?

Lodovico. May be the letter mov'd him ; 230
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Desdemona. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Othello. Indeed !

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. I am glad to see you mad.

Desdemona. Why, sweet Othello, —

Othello. [Striking her] Devil !

Desdemona. I have not deserv'd this.

Lodovico. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't ; 't is very much.

Make her amends ; she weeps.

Othello. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, 240
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—

Out of my sight !

Desdemona. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lodovico. Truly, an obedient lady ;
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Othello. Mistress !

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. What would you with her, sir ?

Lodovico. Who, I, my lord ?

Othello. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn.
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient, 250
Very obedient. — Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion !—
I am commanded home. — Get you away ;
I 'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. — Hence, avaunt !—

[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together ;
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-
keys !

[Exit.

Lodovico. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature 260
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lodovico. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He 's that he is; I may not breathe my
censure.

What he might be—if what he might he is not—
I would to heaven he were!

Lodovico. What, strike his wife!

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!

Lodovico. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood, 270
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him,

And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech; do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lodovico. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA

Othello. You have seen nothing then ?

Emilia. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Othello. What, did they never whisper ?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Emilia. Never.

Othello. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing ?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. That 's strange.

Emilia. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake ; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Othello. Bid her come hither ; go. —

[*Exit Emilia.*

She says enough ; yet she 's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet lock and key of villainous secrets ;
And yet she 'll kneel and pray, I have seen her do 't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA

Desdemona. My lord, what is your will ?

Othello. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Desdemona. What is your pleasure ?

Othello. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

Desdemona. What horrible fancy 's this ?

Othello. [To Emilia] Some of your function, mistress ; shut the door ;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery ; nay, dispatch.

[Exit Emilia.]

Desdemona. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?

30

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Othello. Why, what art thou ?

Desdemona. Your wife, my lord ; your true And loyal wife.

Othello. Come, swear it, damn thyself ; Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double damn'd ; Swear thou art honest.

Desdemona. Heaven doth truly know it.

Othello. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Desdemona. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? how am I false ?

Othello. O Desdemona ! away ! away ! away ! 40

Desdemona. Alas the heavy day ! Why do you weep ?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Othello. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes, 50
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience ; but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at !
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well ;
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up, — to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in ! — Turn thy complexion there, 60
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin, —
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Desdemona. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest

Othello. O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
been born !

Desdemona. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Othello. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, 70
Made to write whore upon ? What committed !
Committed ! O thou public commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed !
Impudent strumpet !

Desdemona. By heaven, you do me wrong. 80

Othello. Are not you a strumpet ?

Desdemona. No, as I am a Christian ;
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Othello. What, not a whore ?

Desdemona. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Othello. Is 't possible ?

Desdemona. O, heaven forgive us !

Othello. I cry you mercy, then,
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. — You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell !

90

Enter EMILIA

You, you, ay, you !

We have done our course ; there 's money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [Exit.

Emilia. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Desdemona. Faith, half asleep.

Emilia. Good madam, what 's the matter with my
lord ?

Desdemona. With who ?

Emilia. Why, with my lord, madam.

99

Desdemona. Who is thy lord ?

Emilia. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Desdemona. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia ;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets. Remember ;
And call thy husband hither.

Emilia. Here's a change indeed ! [Exit.

Desdemona. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is 't
with you ?

Desdemona. I cannot tell. Those that do teach
young babes

110

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.

He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What 's the matter, lady?

Emilia. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Desdemona. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Desdemona. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emilia. He call'd her whore ; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

120

Iago. Why did he so ?

Desdemona. I do not know ; I am sure I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day !

Emilia. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Desdemona. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Desdemona. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emilia. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,

130

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander ; I 'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Desdemona. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emilia. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
 What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
 The Moor 's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—
 O heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
 And put in every honest hand a whip
 To lash the rascals naked through the world
 Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Emilia. O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he was
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Desdemona. O good Iago,
 What shall I do to win my lord again ?
 Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form,
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will — though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement — love him dearly,

140

150

Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore — 160
It doth abhor me now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour.
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Desdemona. If 't were no other, —

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant.
[*Trumpets within.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well. — 170
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo !

Roderigo. I do not find that thou dealest justly with
me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Roderigo. Every day thou daffest me with some
device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now,
keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me
with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no
longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up
in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ? 180

Roderigo. Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

190

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Roderigo. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man, nor 't is not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Roderigo. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

200

Iago. You have said now.

Roderigo. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception, but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Roderigo. It hath not appeared.

210

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Roderigo. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

220

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Roderigo. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no! He goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Roderigo. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

231

Roderigo. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to

second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; ²⁴⁰ I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste ; about it !

Roderigo. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants

Lodovico. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Othello. O, pardon me ; 't will do me good to walk.

Lodovico. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Desdemona. Your honor is most welcome.

Othello. Will you walk, sir ?

O,— Desdemona,—

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there ; look it be done.

Desdemona. I will, my lord.

10

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

Emilia. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Desdemona. He says he will return incontinent ;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emilia. Dismiss me !

Desdemona. It was his bidding ; therefore, good
Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Emilia. I would you had never seen him !

Desdemona. So would not I ; my love doth so approve
him

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns, — 20
Prithee, unpin me, — have grace and favour in them.

Emilia. I have laid those sheets you bade me on
the bed.

Desdemona. All 's one. — Good faith, how foolish are
our minds ! —

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emilia. Come, come, you talk.

Desdemona. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad
And did forsake her. She had a song of ' willow ; '
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song to-night 30
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. — Prithee, dispatch.

Emilia. Shall I go fetch your nightgown ?

Desdemona.

No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia. A very handsome man.

Desdemona. He speaks well.

Emilia. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Desdemona. [Singing] *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones,—

Lay by these.—

[Singing] *Sing willow, willow, willow;*

Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon.—

[Singing] *Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emilia. It 's the wind.

Desdemona. [Singing] *I call'd my love false love;*
but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow;

If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emilia.

'T is neither here nor there.

Desdemona. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,
these men!—

60

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emilia. There be some such, no question.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Emilia. Why, would not you?

Desdemona. No, by this heavenly light!

Emilia. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Emilia. The world's a huge thing; it is a great
price

For a small vice.

Desdemona. In troth, I think thou wouldest not.

70

Emilia. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor
for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibi-
tion; but, for the whole world,—why, who would
not make her husband a cuckold to make him a
monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Desdemona. Beshrew me, if I would do such a
wrong

For the whole world.

Emilia. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the

80

world ; and having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Desdemona. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emilia. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps,

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

90

Throwing restraint upon us ; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite ;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do

When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?

I think it is ; and doth affection breed it ?

I think it doth ; is 't frailty that thus errs ?

100

It is so too ; and have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ?

Then let them use us well ; else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Desdemona. Good night, good night ; heaven me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend ! [Exeunt.]



FAMAGUSTA FROM THE SEA

ACT V

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A Street*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come.

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick ; fear nothing, I 'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Roderigo. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand. [Retires.]

Roderigo. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons ;
'T is but a man gone. Forth, my sword ; he dies. 10

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor 20
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die. — But so ; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO

Roderigo. I know his gait, 't is he. — Villain, thou diest ! [Makes a pass at Cassio.]

Cassio. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st ;
I will make proof of thine.

[Draws and wounds Roderigo.]

Roderigo. O, I am slain !

[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*]

Cassio. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho ! murther ! murther ! [Falls.]

Enter OTHELLO

Othello. The voice of Cassio ; Iago keeps his word.

Roderigo. O, villain that I am !

Othello. It is even so.

Cassio. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon ! 30

Othello. 'T is he. — O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
Thou teachest me. — Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies ; strumpet, I come !
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted ;
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO

Cassio. What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murther !
murther !

Gratiano. 'T is some mischance ; the cry is very
direful.

Cassio. O, help !

Lodovico. Hark ! 40

Roderigo. O wretched villain !

Lodovico. Two or three groan ; it is a heavy night ;
These may be counterfeits ; let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Roderigo. Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

Lodovico. Hark !

Re-enter IAGO, with a light

Gratiano. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago. Who 's there ? whose noise is this that cries on
murther ?

Lodovico. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry ? 49

Cassio. Here, here ! for heaven's sake, help me !

Iago. What 's the matter ?

Gratiano. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lodovico. The same indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously ?

Cassio. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains ! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

Cassio. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains ! — What are you there ? come in, and give some help.

[To *Lodovico* and *Gratiano*.]

Roderigo. O, help me here !

60

Cassio. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murtherous slave ! O villain !

[Stabs *Roderigo*.]

Roderigo. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark ! — Where be these bloody thieves ? —

How silent is this town ! — Ho ! murther ! murther ! — What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

Lodovico. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lodovico. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gratiano. Cassio !

70

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cassio. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Light, gentlemen ; I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA

Bianca. What is the matter, ho ? who is 't that cried ?

Iago. Who is 't that cried !

Bianca. O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio ! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. O notable strumpet ! — Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you ?

Cassio. No.

80

Gratiano. I am sorry to find you thus ; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. — So. — O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence !

Bianca. Alas, he faints ! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury. —

Patience awhile, good Cassio. — Come, come ; Lend me a light. — Know we this face or no ?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman Roderigo ! no ; — yes, sure ; O heaven ! Roderigo. 90

Gratiano. What, of Venice ?

Iago. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?

Gratiano. Know him ! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gratiano. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gratiano. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[A chair brought in.] O,
that's well said; the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[To Bianca] For
you, mistress,

100

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend; what malice was between you?

Cassio. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To Bianca] What, look you pale?—O, bear
him out o' the air.—

[Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—

Do you perceive the nastiness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her.

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

110

Enter EMILIA

Emilia. Alas, what's the matter? what's the matter,
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emilia. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.— Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What, do you shake at that ?

Bianca. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me. 120

Emilia. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bianca. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emilia. As I ! foh ! fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio
dress'd.—

Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray ? — [Aside] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Castle; DESDEMONA
in bed asleep; a light burning*

Enter OTHELLO

Othello. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars ! —
It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then — put out the light !
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me ; but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the
 rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It must needs wither ; I 'll smell it on the tree.

[Kissing her.

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword ! One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, and this the last ;
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears ; this sorrow 's heavenly,
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona. Who 's there ? Othello ?

Othello. Ay, Desdemona.

Desdemona. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Othello. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Desdemona. Ay, my lord.

Othello. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Desdemona. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by
 that ?

Othello. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by. 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit.

No ; heaven forfend ! I would not kill thy soul.

Desdemona. Talk you of killing ?

Othello.

Ay, I do.

Desdemona.

Then heaven

Have mercy on me !

Othello. Amen, with all my heart !

Desdemona. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Othello. Hum !

Desdemona. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal
then

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

Othello. Think on thy sins.

Desdemona. They are loves I bear to you,

Othello. Ay, and for that thou diest.

41

Desdemona. That death 's unnatural that kills for
loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Othello. Peace, and be still !

Desdemona. I will so. What 's the matter ?

Othello. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and
gave thee

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Desdemona. No, by my life and soul !

Send for the man, and ask him.

Othello. Sweet soul, take heed, 50
Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-bed.

Desdemona. Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello. Yes, presently ;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Desdemona. Then Lord have mercy on me !

Othello. I say, amen.

Desdemona. And have you mercy too ! I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven 60
As I might love ; I never gave him token.

Othello. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's
hand.

O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Desdemona. He found it then ;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither ;
Let him confess a truth.

Othello. He hath confess'd.

Desdemona. What, my lord ?

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Othello. That he hath us'd thee.

Desdemona. How ? unlawfully ?

Othello. Ay.

Desdemona. He will not say so.

Othello. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Desdemona. O ! my fear interprets ; what, is he dead ?

Othello. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Desdemona. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Othello. Out, strumpet ! weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Desdemona. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not !

Othello. Down, strumpet !

Desdemona. Kill me to-morrow ; let me live to-night ! 80

Othello. Nay, if you strive, —

Desdemona. But half an hour !

Othello. Being done, there is no pause.

Desdemona. But while I say one prayer !

Othello. It is too late.
[He stifles her.]

Emilia. [Within] My lord, my lord ! what, ho ! my lord, my lord !

Othello. What noise is this ? — Not dead ? not yet quite dead ?

I that am cruel am yet merciful ;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain. —
So, so.

Emilia. [Within] What, ho ! my lord, my lord !

Othello. Who 's there ?

Emilia. [Within] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you !

Othello. Yes ; — 't is Emilia. — By and by. — She 's dead. —

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death. —
The noise was here. — Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave. — Shall she come in ? were 't good ? —
I think she stirs again ; — no. What 's best to do ?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife. —
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.
O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emilia. [Within] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord ! 101

Othello. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia. —
Soft ; by and by. — Let me the curtains draw. —
Where art thou ? [Unlocks the door.]

Enter EMILIA

What 's the matter with thee now ?

Emilia. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murther done !

Othello. What, now ?

Emilia. But now, my lord.

Othello. It is the very error of the moon ;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad. 110

Emilia. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Othello. Roderigo kill'd !
And Cassio kill'd !

Emilia. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Othello. Not Cassio kill'd ! then murther 's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Desdemona. O, falsely, falsely murther'd !

Emilia. Alas, what cry is that ?

Othello. That ! what ?

Emilia. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice.— Help ! help, ho ! help ! — O lady, speak again ! Sweet Desdemona ! O sweet mistress, speak !

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Desdemona. A guiltless death I die.

Emilia. O, who hath done this deed ?

Desdemona. Nobody ; I myself. Farewell !

Commend me to my kind lord ; O, farewell ! [Dies.

Othello. Why, how should she be murther'd ?

Emilia. Alas, who knows ?

Othello. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emilia. She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

Othello. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell ; 'T was I that kill'd her.

Emilia. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil !

130

Othello. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emilia. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Othello. She was false as water.

Emilia. Thou art rash as fire, to say That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Othello. O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emilia. My husband!

Othello. Thy husband.

Emilia. That she was false to wedlock? 140

Othello. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emilia. My husband!

Othello. Ay, 't was he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emilia. My husband!

Othello. What needs this iterance, woman? I say
thy husband.

Emilia. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with
love! —

My husband say that she was false!

Othello. He, woman; 150
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emilia. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Othello. Ha!

Emilia. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Othello.

Peace, you were best !

Emilia. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed —
I care not for thy sword ; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. — Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ! Murther ! murther !

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Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Montano. What is the matter ? — How now, general !

Emilia. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,
That men must lay their murthers on your neck.

Gratiano. What is the matter ?

Emilia. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man ;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain ;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emilia. But did you ever tell him she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Emilia. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie !
She false with Cassio ! — did you say with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your
tongue.

Emilia. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to
speak :

My mistress here lies murther'd in her bed, —

All. O heavens forfend !

Emilia. And your reports have set the murther on.

Othello. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gratiano. 'T is a strange truth.

Montano. O monstrous act !

Emilia. Villany, villany, villany !

I think upon 't, I think, — I smell 't — O villany ! —
I thought so then ! — I 'll kill myself for grief. — 19c
O villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emilia. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :
'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Othello. O ! O ! O ! [He falls on the bed.]

Emilia. Nay, lay thee down and roar ;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Othello. [Rising] O, she was foul ! —
I scarce did know you, uncle ; there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know this act shows horrible and grim. 201

Gratiano. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father 's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain ; did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side
And fall to reprobance.

Othello. 'T is pitiful ; but yet Iago knows
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
 A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it ; 150
 And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand ;
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token
 My father gave my mother.

Emilia. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emilia. 'T will out, 't will out ! — I peace !
 No, I will speak as liberal as the north ;
 Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak. 155

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emilia. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

Fie !

Gratiano.

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emilia. O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou
 speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband ;
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,
 More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
 He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Emilia. She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it,
 And I did give 't my husband.

Iago.

Filth, thou liest ! 229

Emilia. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murtherous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Othello. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? — Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago; Iago from behind
stabs Emilia, and exit.*

Gratiano. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his
wife.

Emilia. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gratiano. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.

Montano. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain, 240
For 't is a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*

Othello. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emilia. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [Singing] *Willow, willow, willow.* —
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true!
So speaking — as I think — I die — I die. [Dies]

Othello. I have another weapon in this chamber; 250

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gratiano. [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Othello. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO

Gratiano. What is the matter?

Othello. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword 260
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench! 270
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O, cursed, cursed slave!—

Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !
 O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead !
 Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner

Lodovico. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Othello. That 's he that was Othello ; here I am.

Lodovico. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Othello. I look down towards his feet ; but that 's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds Iago.*

Lodovico. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Othello. I am not sorry neither ; I 'd have thee live, For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lodovico. O thou Othello, that wert once so good, Fallen in the practice of a damned slave, 291
What shall be said to thee ?

Othello. Why, any thing ; An honourable murtherer, if you will, For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lodovico. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany. Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Othello. Ay.

Cassio. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Othello. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil 300

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know ;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lodovico. What, not to pray ?

Gratiano. Torments will ope your lips.

Othello. Well, thou dost best.

Lodovico. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,

And here another ; the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook 310

By Roderigo.

Othello. O villain !

Cassio. Most heathenish and most gross !

Lodovico. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Othello. O the pernicious caitiff ! —
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cassio. I found it in my chamber ;
And he himself confess'd but even now 320

That there he dropt it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Othello.

O fool! fool! fool!

Cassio. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch, whereon it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lodovico. You must forsake this room, and go with
us;

Your power and your command is taken off, 330
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known—
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

Othello. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, 340
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this ; 350
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him — thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lodovico. O bloody period !

Gratiano. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Othello. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee ; — no way but
this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Falls on the bed,
and dies.]

Cassio. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

Lodovico. [To Iago] O Spartan dog, 360
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
This is thy work. The object poisons sight ;
Let it be hid. — *Gratiano*, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. — To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture ; O, enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 365
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]

NOTES



RHODES

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY.—It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is ■ necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the third line of the present play: “As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.”

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of

five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows:—

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female line*; as in the fifth line of the first scene: "If ever I did dream of such a matter." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *matter*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. In line 12, we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *purposes*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in line 14: "Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war"; where the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. See also lines 44, 45, 49, 66, 68, 71, etc., in the same scene. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in lines 9, 11, and 35. In 9 the second syllable of *personal* is superfluous; in 11 the word *am*; and in 35 the second syllable of *remedy*. Line 35 has also the unaccented final syllable in *service*, making it a female line.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 13 and 14. In 13 the last syllable of *circumstance* is metrically equivalent to an accented syllable; and so with the last syllable of *epithet* in 14. Other examples are the third syllables of *Cassio* and *Florentine* in 20, and of *Roderigo* in 56, which is a female line.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm:—

(a) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by

another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, line 19 of the first scene of the present play appears to have only nine syllables, but *arithmetician* has metrically six syllables. In ii. 3. 357 ("How poor are they that have not patience"), *patience* is a trisyllable. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line; but in ii. 3. 134 ("It were ■■ honest action to say"), *action* is a trisyllable.

(b) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *your*, etc. In *M. of V.* iii. 2. 297: "Shall lose ■ hair through Bassanio's fault," *hair* is a dissyllable. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," where the first *fire* is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable.

(c) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between the consonants; as in ii. 3. 205: "'T is monstrous [monst(e)rous]. Iago, who began 't?'" So in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fidd(e)ler]; *All 's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc.

(d) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 442; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also contracted for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance*, *horse* (for *horses*)

and horse's), *princess, sense, marriage* (plural and possessive), *image, etc.* So *medicinable* (pronounced *med'cinable*) in v. 2. 350 (see note on the passage), and many other words in the plays.

7. The accent of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *obscure* and *obsûre*, *pùrsue* and *pursüe*, *confine* (see note on i. 2. 27) and *cõfñine*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *ântique* (see on v. 2. 214), *unauthoriz'd* (see on iv. 1. 2), *impôrtune, perséver* (never *persevère*), *perséverance, rheumatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there; as in i. 1. 26 (with a female ending also), 48, 159, i. 2. 71, etc., in this play. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 6, 15, 18, 41, 73, etc., in this play.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere after 1597 or 1598. Of course it is not found in *Othello*.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in the *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Richard II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in the *Temp.* only two, and in the *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of some 2450 ten-syllable verses only about eighty are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599

or 1600 ; as in *L. L. L.*, *T. G. of V.*, and *C. of E.* In the *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or “rhyme-tags” are often found at the end of scenes; as in the second scene, and six other scenes, of the present play. In *Hamlet*, 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macbeth*, 21 out of 28, have such “tags”; but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. *The Tempest*, for instance, has but one, and the *Winter's Tale* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final -ed of past tenses and participles is printed -'d when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *stuff'd*, line 14, and *affin'd*, line 39, of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the -ed be made a separate syllable, the e is retained; as in *raised*, line 148, of the first scene, where the word is a dissyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, etc., the -ed of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF VERSE AND PROSE IN THE PLAYS.— This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In the present play we find scenes entirely in verse or in prose (only ii. 2), and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of the *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in the *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: “Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the sub-

sequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, ■ Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of the *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about ■ business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse. See also the change to verse in the closing speech of i. 3 in the present play; also at the end of ii. 1, and in several other of Iago's soliloquies.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

SOME BOOKS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.—A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shake-*

speare (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *Othello* (1886, encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds., some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Phin's *Cyclopædia and Glossary of Shakespeare* (1902; more compact and cheaper than Dyce); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884; a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both girls and boys

will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (1896) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (1900) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES.—The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

ACT I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Nothing of the kind is given in the quarto, but at the end of the play in the 1st folio we find the following: *—

* The only other plays in the folio to which similar lists are appended are *Temp.*, *T. G. of V.*, *M. for M.*, *W. T.*, *2 Hen. IV.*, and *T. of A.*

THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Othello, <i>the Moore.</i>	Lodouico, and Gratiano, two nobl Venetians.
Brabantio, <i>Father to Desdemona.</i>	Saylors.
Cassio, <i>an Honourable Lieutenant.</i>	Clowne.
Iago, <i>a Villaine.</i>	
Rodorigo, <i>a gull'd Gentleman.</i>	Desdemona, <i>Wife to Othello.</i>
Duke of Venice.	Æmilia, <i>Wife to Iago.</i>
Senators.	Bianca, <i>a Curtezan.</i>
Montano, <i>Gouernour of Cyprus.</i>	
Gentlemen of Cyprus.	

SCENE I.—“The republic of Venice became the virtual sovereigns of Cyprus in 1471; when the state assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III. of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the state to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine in 1489 abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II. in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish empire. Leikosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident therefore that we must refer the action of *Othello* to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after act i. must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known when (iii. 2. 3) he wrote, ‘I will be walking on the works’” (Knight).

The cut on page 9 is from Vecellio’s *Habiti Antichi*, 1590, and represents the identical dress worn by Prince Veniero, when he was made general at the time of the Turkish war, in 1570. “The general of the Venetian forces, to whatever nation he might trace

his birth (and it was always a *foreigner* who was selected for that office, ‘lest,’ as Paulus Jovius says, ‘any one of their own countrymen might be puffed up with pride, and grow too ambitious’), assumed, on the day of his election, a peculiar habit, consisting of a full gown of crimson velvet with loose sleeves, over which was worn a mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned upon the right shoulder with massy gold buttons. The cap was of crimson velvet, and the baton of office was of silver, ensigned with the winged lion of St. Mark” (Knight). Another portrait of Prince Veniero in the *Habiti d' Huomini e Donne Venetiane*, 1609, represents him in armour, but still wearing the mantle and bearing the baton already described. Othello speaks of his “helm” (i. 3. 272), and of course in action he wore the armour of the period, which was much the same throughout Christian Europe.

3. *This*. That is, the elopement and marriage of Desdemona.

4. *'Sblood*. A contraction of *God's blood*. The folio suppresses the oath here.

10. *Off-capp'a*. The folio reading (“Off-capt”); the quartos have “Oft capt,” which some modern editors prefer, making *cap* = salute by taking off the cap. The only instance of the verb in S. is in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 124 : “I will cap that proverb,” etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 63 : “I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.”

13. *Circumstance*. Circumlocution; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 154, etc. For *bombast*, cf. *L.L.L.* v. 2. 791 and *i Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 359 (noun in both passages). S. uses the word only thrice.

16. *Certes*. Certainly. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 48, etc.

19. *Arithmetician*. The only instance of the word in S. Steevens quotes *R. and J.* iii. 1. 106 : “that fights by the book of arithmetic.”

21. *Wife*. Probably = woman, as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 58, *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 40, etc. The reference seems to be to his passion for Bianca, and Steevens may be right in explaining it as “very near being married.” Cf. iv. 1. 117 below : “Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.” Various emendations have been suggested.

23. *Division.* Disposition, arrangement. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. i. 230: "Rightly reasoned, and in his own division." For *battle*, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 78, etc.

24. *Theoric.* Theory; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 162 and *Hen. V.* i. 1. 52.

25. *Toged.* Wearing the toga, or gowned. It is the reading of the 1st quarto; the folios have "tongued," which some prefer. *Consuls* = senators; as in i. 2. 43 below. *Propose* = speak, talk; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 3, *Ham.* i. 5. 152, etc.

28. *His.* That is, Othello's.

30. *Be-lee'd.* Placed on the lee, or in a position unfavourable to the wind; used by S. only here.

31. *Debitor and creditor.* The title of certain ancient treatises on bookkeeping; here used as a nickname. So *counter-caster* is contemptuous for an accountant, or one who reckons by *counters*. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 174: "O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in ■ trice; you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters." *Counter-caster* is used by S. nowhere else. For *counters* (pieces of metal used in counting), see *W. T.* iv. 3. 38, *J. C.* iv. 3. 80, *Cymb.* v. 4. 174, etc.

33. *God bless the mark!* Usually a parenthetic apology for some profane or vulgar word, but here used contemptuously. *Ancient* = ensign; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 74, etc.

36. *Letter.* Recommendations by letter.

37. *Old gradation.* The established order of promotion. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 104: "By cold gradation" (that is, by deliberate steps).

39. *Affin'd.* Bound by any tie. Cf. ii. 3. 200 below.

41. *Content you.* Be at ease, do not worry. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 26: "O, content thee!" Often it is = compose yourself, keep your temper.

45. *Knee-crooking.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 66: "And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," etc.

48. *For nought but provender*, etc. Cf. what Antony says of Lepidus in *J. C.* iv. 1. 19 fol.

49. *Honest knaves*. "Iago's sneer in using the word *knaves* for servants, while scoffing at their fidelity, is of kindred wit with Falstaff's calling a tradesman who applies for his justly due money a *knave*" (Clarke). See *2 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 41. Cf. 115 below. *Me* is an expletive, used for vivacity of expression. Cf. the dialogue in *T. of S.* i. 2. 8 fol.

50. *Trimm'd in forms and visages*. Wearing the outward appearance.

60. *Peculiar*. Personal, private; as in iii. 3. 79 and iv. 1. 63 below.

63. *Compliment extern*. Outward appearance of civility. S. uses *extern* as a noun in *Sonn.* 125. 2.

64. *Upon my sleeve*. In plain sight, like a lady's favour (cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 321) or a servant's badge (cf. *R. of L.* 1054, etc.).

66. *Full*. The quarto reading; the folio has "fall," which Knight adopts, making the passage mean "What a fall does Fortune owe him!" With the reading in the text (adopted by the editors generally), *owe* = own, possess; as often. See iii. 3. 333 below. For *full fortune*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 110 and *A. and C.* iv. 15. 24. *Thick-lips* has been cited in support of the notion that Othello is a negro, but Roderigo uses the term contemptuously — = African. See Appendix, p. 249 below.

68. The first *him* refers to Brabantio, the second to Othello.

71. *Though that*. This use of *that* as "a conjunctional affix" was common.

73. For *as* = *that*, cf. *Sonn.* 14. 11, 36. 14, 78. 3, 96. 14, etc.

75. *Like . . . as*. Cf. *Rich.* III. iv. 1. 9: "Upon the like devotion as yourselves," etc.

76. *By night and negligence*. That is, *at night and through negligence*; referring of course to the *fire*.

86. *For shame*. For decency's sake. Brabantio has come to the window from his bed.

87. *Burst*. Often used of the heart; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 367, *J. C.* iii. 2. 190, *Lear*, v. 3. 182, 199, etc.

88. *Snorting*. Snoring; as in ■ *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 578: "Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."

93. *Worser*. Often used by S. for *worse*.

94. *Haunt*. Usually transitive in S., but cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 9 and *L. C.* 130.

97. *Distempering*. Disordering, intoxicating. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 312, 313.

98. *Upon malicious bravery*. Urged by ■ malicious desire to brave me.

104. *A grange*. That is, a lonely farmhouse where a robbery could be easily committed. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 277 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 309.

105. *In simple and pure soul*. In all simplicity and honesty.

113. *Odd-even*, etc. Apparently meant for the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 127, where Macbeth asks, "What is the night?" and Lady Macbeth replies, "Almost at odds with morning, which is which."

115. *Knave*. Menial. See on 49 above.

117. *And your allowance*. And is allowed or approved by you.

121. *From*. Away from, contrary to; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 35, ii. 1. 196, *Ham.* iii. 2. 22, etc.

126. *In*. For *in* = on, cf. i. 3. 74 below: "in your own part;" ■ *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 257: "In pain of your dislike," etc.

Extravagant = wandering, vagabond; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 154. S. appears to have been the first to use the word in this etymological sense; and so with *extravagancy* (= vagrancy) which he has in *T. N.* ii. 1. 12. *Wheeling* has much the same sense. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 7. 2: "Attend me where I wheel."

130. *Strike on the tinder*. Until friction matches were invented (about seventy years ago) *tinder* (charred linen kept in a metallic box), into which a spark was struck by means of *flint* and *steel*, was in general use for lighting the matches made by dipping bits of

wood into melted sulphur. *Tinder* is mentioned again by S. in *M. W.* i. 3. 27, where Bardolph is compared to "a tinder-box"; and in *Cor.* ii. 1. 55: "hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion." The *flint* thus used is mentioned often; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 36, iv. 3. 110, etc.

138. *Check.* Rebuke; as in iii. 3. 67 and iv. 3. 20 below.

139. *Cast him.* Throw him over, dismiss him. Cf. ii. 3. 12, 261, and v. 2. 326 below.

141. *Stand in act.* Are in action, are now going on. *Stand* is often nearly = *be* (Schmidt). Cf. i. 3. 70 and ii. 1. 51 below.

142. *Fathom.* Caliber, capacity; a nautical metaphor. Cf. i. 2. 17 below: "give him cable."

148. *Sagittary.* Perhaps the name of an inn. Clarke suggests that it may be "a private house bearing one of those distinctive names, and even signs, which it was the mode formerly to give to private mansions in England." It appears from i. 2. 45 below that Othello was not at his usual lodging, and the messengers of the senate had not known where to find him. Cassio also asks, "What makes he here?" which implies that he was in an unfamiliar place. Note also what Othello says in i. 3. 121. These passages are sufficient to prove that Knight is wrong in thinking that the *Sagittary* is the arsenal at Venice, which was "the residence of the commanding officers of the navy and army." He is wrong also in stating that "the figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, is over the gate" of the arsenal. It is one of four statues beside the entrance, and represents a man holding a bow (not "drawn"), but is no more conspicuous than its three companions. Mr. H. C. Hart, in his ed. of *Othello* (1903), adopts Knight's explanation, but evidently overlooks the fact that the Moor and Desdemona were not at his regular place of residence.

151. *My despised time.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 110: "a despised life clos'd in my breast."

162. *Maidhood.* Used again in *T. N.* iii. 1. 162.

163. *Abus'd.* Deluded, deceived. Cf. *Temp.* v. i. 112, *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100, etc.

171. *At most.* That is, of the houses.

SCENE II.—2. *Stuff o' the conscience.* Matter of conscience. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 324: "there was no such stuff in my thoughts," etc.

3. *Contriv'd.* Deliberate. Cf. *Hen.* V. iv. i. 171: "premeditated and contrived murther;" *J. C.* ii. 3. 16: "the Fates with traitors do contrive" (that is, plot), etc.

5. *Yerk'd.* Thrust, stabbed. Cf. *Hen.* V. iv. 7. 83: "their wounded steeds . . . York out their armed heels at their dead masters;" the only other instance of the word in S. *Him* probably refers to Roderigo.

6. *'T is better*, etc. "How well these few words impress at the outset the truth of Othello's own character of himself at the end, that he was 'not easily wrought!'" His self-government distinguishes him throughout from Leontes" (Coleridge).

10. *Forbear.* Spare, let alone. Cf. *Ham.* v. i. 296: "For love of God, forbear him," etc.

12. *Magnifico.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 282: "the magnificoes Of greatest port." Tollet quotes Minsheu, *Dict.*: "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *magnifici*, i.e. *magnificoes*."

14. *Double.* Malone quotes Thomas's *Hist. of Italy*, 1560: "Whereas many have reported, the duke in balloting should have two voices; it is nothing so; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have." He had, however, a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian state, a privilege which no other person enjoyed. But *double* here may be simply = forcible.

17. *Give him cable.* That is, give him cable *for*. For the ellipsis, cf. i. 3. 94 below: "I won his daughter" (with).

21. *Promulgate.* Make known; used by S. only here.

22. *Siege.* Rank; literally, seat. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 77: "of the unworthiest siege." It is used in the literal sense in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 101: "upon the very siege of justice." *Demerits* = merits; ■■

in *Cor.* i. 1. 276: "Of his demerits rob Cominius." It was = what one *merits* or deserves, in ■ good as well as ■ bad sense. For the latter, see *Macb.* iv. 3. 226: "Not for their own demerits, but for mine." Steevens quotes Dugdale, *Warwickshire*: "Henry Conway, esq., for his singular demerits received the dignity of knighthood."

23. *Unbonneted*. As this naturally means *with the cap off* (cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 14), Pope changed it to "unbonneting." Schmidt remarks: "Perhaps the meaning is simply, I may say so with all courtesy and humility; and Othello's words must perhaps be accompanied by a corresponding gesture, as the 1st folio seems to imply by placing the word *unbonneted* in a parenthesis." Coleridge says: "It is not *I*, but my *demerits*, that may speak *unbonneted* — without the symbol of a petitioning inferior."

26. *Unhoused*. "Free from domestic cares" (Johnson). In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 229, it is = houseless, shelterless.

27. *Circumscription*. Restraint; used by S. only here. *Confine* is accented by S. on either syllable.

28. *For the sea's worth*. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 501:—

"for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms;"

and *Hen. V.* i. 2. 164:—

"as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sunless treasures."

30. *You were best*. Originally the *you* was dative (*to* or *for* you it were best), but it came to be regarded as ■ nominative. Hence we find "I were best" (*M. of V.* v. 1. 175), "she were better" (*T. N.* i. 2. 27), etc.

31. *Parts*. Merits. Cf. i. 3. 253 below: "his valiant parts." *Perfect soul* = unblemished honour.

33. *Janus*. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 50: "by two-headed Janus."
 35. *The goodness*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 76:—

"The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
 Envelop you, good Provost!"

37. *Haste-post-haste*. An emphatic form of *post-haste*. Cf. "post-post-haste" in i. 3. 46 below.

40. *Heat*. Haste, urgency; as in *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 27, etc. *The galleys* = the naval officers.

43. *Consuls*. Senators, councillors; as in i. 1. 25 above.

46. *Quests*. Used in a concrete sense, like *search* in i. 1. 148.
 It is = inquest, jury, in *Sonn.* 46. 10 and *Rich. III.* i. 4. 189.

49. *Makes*. Does; as often. Cf. iii. 4. 168.

50. *Carack*. A large ship, or galleon. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 140: "whole armadoes of caracks." Steevens quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *Coxcomb*: "They're made like caracks, all for strength and stowage."

52. *To who?* Used again in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 75. Cf. i. 2. 52 below. As Steevens remarks, it is singular that Cassio should ask this question. Cf. iii. 3. 94 fol. below. Blackstone suggests that his ignorance is affected, in order to keep his friend's secret until it should be publicly known.

53. *Have with you*. I'll go with you; a common idiom.

55. *Be advis'd*. Be cautious, take heed. Cf. the modern use of *unadvised*.

56. *To bad intent*. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 199: "Why came I hither but to that intent?"

67. *Opposite*. Opposed, averse. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 51:—

"Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
 To his unnatural purpose," etc.

68. *Curled*. Foppish, elegant. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 304: "the curled Antony," etc.

70. *Guardage*. Guardianship; used by S. nowhere else.

71. *To fear, not to delight.* "To one more likely to terrify than delight her" (Malone). Steevens and Schmidt make *fear* and *delight* verbs.

72. For *me*, see on i. 49 above; and cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 270, *Ham.* ii. 2. 601, etc. *Gross in sense* = palpable to reason, absolutely clear.

74. *Minerals.* Cf. ii. 1. 293 below: "like a poisonous mineral," etc.

75. *Weaken motion.* "Subdue the impulse of affection" (Clarke). Cf. i. 3. 111:—

"Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's *affections?*"

Or it may mean "impair the faculties," as Ritson explains it; referring to the power attributed to love potions or philters "of perverting and of course weakening or impairing both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage toward any unworthy object." *Disputed on* = argued in court, made the subject of judicial investigation.

77. *Attach.* Arrest; a law term. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 173: "whoe'er you find attach." See also *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 217, i. 2. 210, etc.

78. *Abuser of the world.* Corrupter of the community.

83. *Cue.* A figure taken from the familiar theatrical sense (see *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 78, 102, etc.) of the word. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 130, *Ham.* ii. 2. 587, etc.

86. *Course of direct session.* The regular course of legal proceedings.

99. *Pagans.* A contemptuous reference to Othello's nationality (Hart).

SCENE III.—I. *Composition.* Consistency, agreement. *News* is both singular and plural in S. Cf. 32 below.

5. *Jump.* Agree. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 259: "till each circumstance

. . . do cohere and jump." So *jump with*, as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 32, *I Hen. IV.* i. 2. 78, etc. *Just* = exact; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375; "a just seven-night;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 327: "a just pound," etc.

6. *Where the aim reports.* "Where men report, not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* or *conjecture*" (Johnson). Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 163: "What you would work me to, I have some aim," etc.

10. *I do not*, etc. "I do not feel so over-confident on account of the error that may be in these reports, but that I can perceive ground for dread in the main particular" (Clarke). For *fearful* = full of fear, see *J. C.* v. 1. 10, *V. and A.* 677, etc.

17. *How say you by*, etc. What say you to, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 58: "How say you by the French lord?"

18. *By no assay of reason.* By any test of reason. *Pageant* = show, pretence. The word is commonly applied to a theatrical exhibition.

20. *Importancy.* Used by S. nowhere else.

23. *With more facile question bear it.* "With greater facility of contest carry it." *Question* = "trial and decision by force of arms."

24. *For that*, etc. Because it is not in such warlike condition of defence. *For that*, see on i. 1. 71 above. *Brace* literally means armour; as in *Per.* ii. 1. 133. Cf. *vanibrace* in *T. and C.* i. 3. 297.

30. *Wage.* Hazard, encounter. Cf. *I Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 20: —

"too weak

To wage an instant trial with the king."

33. *Ottomites.* Ottomans. Cf. 234 and ii. 3. 159 below.

35. *Injointed.* Joined, allied. Cf. *insinewed* in the same sense in *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 172 (see also *K. John*, v. 2. 63).

42. *To believe him.* That is, not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.

44. *Luccicos.* Knight suggests that this is probably the name of "a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information."

46. *Post-post-haste.* See on i. 2. 37 above.

48. *Valiant Othello*, etc. Reed quotes Thomas, *Hist. of Italye*: “By lande they are served of straungers, both for generalls, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre: because theyr lawe permitteh not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande: Fearing, I thinke, Cæsar’s example.” See p. 172 above.

49. *Ottoman*. This may be either noun or adjective, but it is probably the latter. S. uses the word only here.

52. *Good your grace*. Cf. iii. 1. 29 below.

56. *Is of so flood-gate*, etc. That is, has the impetuosity of a flood rushing through an open sluice. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 33:—

“Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults.”

57. *Engluts*. Swallows up. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 83:—

“For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be engluttred.”

61. *Mountebanks*. Quacks. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 142: “I bought an unction of ■ mountebank,” etc. The word is used as a verb (= gull) in *Cor.* iii. 2. 132.

64. *Sans*. The word was fully Anglicized in the time of S. We find *sans* sometimes defined by “sanse” (or “sancé”) in French dictionaries of the period.

67. *The bloody book of law*. By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal.

68. *Read in the bitter letter*, etc. Demand the severest literal interpretation of it, as you yourself understand it.

69. *Proper*. Own; as often. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: “their proper selves”; *M. for M.* iii. 1. 413: “his proper tongue,” etc.

70. *Stood in your action*. Were the subject of your accusation. See on i. 1. 141 above.

82. *Soft*. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 82:—

“Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use,” etc.

90. *Round.* Plain, direct; as often. On *deliver* = relate, see *Temp.* ii. 1. 45, v. 1. 313, etc.

94. *I won his daughter.* The later folios add "with." See on i. 2. 17 above, and cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 262: "more than I could frame employment" (for); *Cymb.* ii. 4. 68: "well worth watching" (for), etc.

95. *Motion.* "Movement of the soul, tendency of the mind, impulse" (Schmidt).

96. *Herself.* Itself. S., like Milton, often uses *her* for *its*, which was then just coming into use; but *his* occurs oftener. Abbott remarks that "*her* is often applied by S. to the mind and soul."

105. *Conjur'd.* Charmed by incantations. S. accents the word on either syllable without regard to the meaning.

107. *More wider.* More apparent or obvious (Schmidt). For the double comparative, cf. 225 below. *Overt test* = "open proofs, external evidence" (Johnson).

108. *Thin habits.* Superficial appearances.

109. *Modern.* Common, insignificant; the usual meaning in S.

115. *Sagittary.* See on i. 1. 148 above.

124. *Justly.* Truthfully. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 298: "Look you speak justly," etc.

125. *Thrive.* Prosper, succeed. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 60: "Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may," etc.

136. *Scapes.* Not "'scapes," as often printed. It is used in prose.

139. *Portance.* Conduct, deportment; as *Cor.* ii. 3. 232: "his present portance."

140. *Antres.* Caverns (Latin, *antrum*); found only here. *Idle* = barren, unproductive. Wiclf has "The earth was idel and voide." Cf. *idleness* = want of cultivation, in 325 below and in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 51.

142. *It was my hint.* I had occasion. Cf. *hint* = subject, in *Temp.* i. 2. 134, ii. 1. 3, etc.

143. *Cannibals.* Also alluded to in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 152, v. 5.

61. In 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 180, Pistol confounds the word with "Hannibals."

144. *Anthropophagi*. Man-eaters. Raleigh, in his *Discoverie of Guiana*, 1596, mentions the Amazons, the Cannibals, and the "nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders." So Hakluyt, in his *Voyages*, 1598, speaks of a people "whose heades appeare not above their shoulders: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts." In Holland's *Pliny*, 1601, we read of "Anthropophagi, or eaters of man's flesh, whom we have placed above the north pole, tenne daies journey by land above the river Borysthenes," etc., and of people "without heads standing upon their neckes who carrie eies in their shoulders." Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 46: —

" or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts ? "

147. *Still*. Ever, very often; as frequently.

149. *A greedy ear*. Malone cites Marlowe, *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593: —

" Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips;
Let them devour my spech;"

and Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 9. 26: —

" Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent."

151. *Pliant*. Convenient; used by S. only here.

153. *Dilate*. Relate at length. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 123: —

" Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them and thee till now."

So *dilated* = detailed in *A. W.* ii. 1. 59 and *Ham.* i. 2. 38.

155. *Intentively*. Attentively. Steevens cites Chapman, *Iliad*, x.: "with intentive ear;" and *Odyssey*, viii.: "intently retaine." Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, has "Intentive, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing."

159. *Sighs.* The quarto reading; the folios have "kisses," which is inconsistent with the character of Desdemona (see 94 above), and with what follows.

160. *Passing.* Often used adverbially, but only before adjectives and adverbs. On *swore*, cf. Whitaker's *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots* (quoted by Steevens): "Let not the modern reader be hurt here and in paragraph x. at a Lady, a Queen, and a Mary, *swearing*. To *aver upon faith and honour*, was then called *swearing*, equally with a solemn appeal to GOD; and considered as the same with it." Cf. *I Hen. IV.* iii. i. 249 fol., where Hotspur ridicules his wife for her mild oaths, and adds: —

"Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath."

Clarke remarks on that passage: "Very characteristic of Harry Percy is his wishing his wife to abjure mincing oaths, and to come out with good round sonorous ones. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's wonted imprecations were of this kind; and some of them, recorded as being familiar in her mouth, were of a character sufficiently potential to become the lips of the daughter of Henry VIII., and warrant the dramatist in making Hotspur say, 'like a lady as thou art' to his wife."

163. *Her.* That is, *for her*; though some take it to mean that she would fain have been such a man. The former explanation is favoured by what follows. It is said in all innocence, and is in perfect keeping with the character.

173. *Take up*, etc. That is, make the best of it. Cf. *at the best* = as well as possible, in *T. of A.* iii. 6. 29, etc.

183. *Learn.* Teach; as often in S.

188. *Challenge.* Claim. Cf. *Lear*, i. i. 54: "Where nature doth with merit challenge," etc.

190. *Please it your grace.* If it please you. The verb in this sense was originally impersonal (cf. *s'il vous plait* in French), and S. often uses it so.

191. *Had rather.* Good English then, as it still is. For the *to*, cf. *M. of V. i. 2. 55*: "I had rather to be married," etc.

197. *Escape.* Clarke thinks the word may have the sense of "sally, prank" (Fr. *escapade*) in addition to that of "flight, elopement."

199. *Like yourself.* "In a strain of resignation to that which is irretrievably past and gone, like yours when you say, 'I have done'" (Clarke). Sir J. Reynolds explains it: "Let me speak ■ yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion."

I find no hint in Furness's "New Variorum" ed., or elsewhere, that the authenticity of lines 199–219 has ever been questioned; but, for myself, I have no doubt that they are from some other hand than Shakespeare's. It seems to me extremely improbable that, after Brabantio's personal affair has been disposed of, the urgent business for which this midnight meeting has been called should not be taken up at once. The lines, moreover, are no less commonplace than out of place, and the fact that they are in rhyme renders them the more suspicious. Iago's rhymes in ii. 1. 128–158 cannot be quoted as a parallel: he has intimated that he is putting his comments upon woman into verse, and the rhyme serves to distinguish it from his ordinary speech ("my Muse labours," etc.). It will be noticed that in the present instance the dialogue goes on naturally if the doubtful lines are omitted, as is always done on the stage.

It may be added that the lines are not consistent with the context. The Duke begins by saying that he does it to "help these lovers into the favour" of Brabantio; but the latter has already "accepted the situation," having just said to Othello that he gives him Desdemona *with all his heart*; and he himself has proposed to drop the subject and turn "to the state affairs." Is it conceivable, when the immediate consideration of these affairs is of such vital importance, that the Duke should put them off and waste time with rhymed advice which is as superfluous as it is inopportune?

200. *Grise.* Step, degree. Cf. *T. N. iii. 1.* ■35:—

" *Olivia.* That's a degree to love.
 " *Viola.* No, not a grise."

202. *When remedies*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past cure is still past care."

205. *Next.* Nearest. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 129: "the next way home;" ■ *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 264: "'T is the next way to turn tailor," etc.

213. *The free comfort*, etc. "The gratuitous sentiments of consolation which he hears delivered together with the sentence" (Clarke).

216. *To sugar or to gall.* Schmidt strangely regards *sugar* and *gall* as verbs; but, as Hart suggests, *equivocal* may be = *equivalent*, which the writer might have used if he had not wanted a rhyme. S. uses *equivocal* only here and in *A. W.* v. 3. 250.

219. *Pierced.* Penetrated, reached. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 67: "With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear," etc.

222. *Fortitude.* Strength. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 17: "his own arm's fortitude."

224. *Allowed.* Acknowledged; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 4: "And on all sides the authority allow'd," etc. *Opinion*, etc., appears to mean that *opinion*, or reputation, is generally a safe guide to action; as here in the choice of a commander for the expedition.

225. *More safer.* Cf. "more wider" in 107 above; also *Temp.* i. 2. 19: "more better," etc.

226. *Slubber.* Sully, soil. S. uses the word only here and in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 39: "Slubber (= slight, slur over) not business for my sake;" but we have *beslubber* (= daub, smear) in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 341. For the metaphor, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 6: "that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage," etc.; and *Macb.* i. 7. 34: "Which should be worn now in their newest gloss."

231. *Thrice-driven.* Referring to the selection of the feathers by driving with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy (Johnson). *Agnize* = acknowledge, confess, avow. Malone quotes *A*

Summarie Report, etc., 1586 : "a repentant convert, agnising her Maiesties great mercie," etc. S. uses the word only here.

233. *Hardness*. Hardship; as in *Cymb.* iii. 6. 21: "hardness ever Of hardness is mother."

237. *Exhibition*. Provision, allowance; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 69:—

■ What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me."

See also iv. 3. 74 below. *Reference* = assignment.

238. *Besort*. "Befitting attendance" (Clarke). Schmidt defines *accommodation* and *besort* as "besorting or convenient accommodation." We find the verb in *Lear*, i. 4. 272: "such men as may besort (= become, befit) your age."

239. *Levels with*. Is in keeping with.

244. *To my unfolding*. To what I say. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 105, ii. 2. 227, etc. *Prosperous* = propitious.

245. *And let me*, etc. "Let your favour *privilege* me" (Johnson).

246. *Simpleness*. Simplicity. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 83, etc.

248. *That I did love*, etc. "Here is a notable instance of the way in which S. makes his most gentle woman speak out firmly and eloquently when stress of need comes. . . . Desdemona is gentle even to timidity; but, like many women whose gentleness of nature has been wrought into timidity by a too rigid strictness on the part of those who bring them up, she is capable of singularly bold action and self-assertion on rare occasions" (Clarke).

249. *My downright violence*, etc. The bold action I have taken, and the stormy fortunes I have voluntarily encountered, in order to marry him (Edwards).

250. *Subdued*, etc. Made subject to the very nature of my lord.

256. *A moth*. "Figuratively, an idle eater" (Schmidt).

257. *The rites*, etc. Hart cites *A. W.* ii. 4. 42 and *Sonn.* 23. 6.

259. *Dear*. Deeply felt. The word is often used of whatever affects one greatly, whether it be good or bad, agreeable or disa-

greeable. Cf. "dear groans" (*L. L. L.* v. 2. 874), "dear offences" (*Hen. V.* ii. 2. 181), etc.

263, 264. *Nor to comply*, etc. A much disputed passage. The quartos have "heate, the young affects, In my defunct;" the 1st folio, "heat the yong affects ("effects" in later folios) In my defunct," etc. The reading in the text is Rann's. The meaning is, "I ask it not to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires, the passions or youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife" (Johnson). For *affects* = inclinations, desires, cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 152: "For every man with his affects is born," etc. It has been said that Othello would hardly "confess that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him;" but it may be replied that he only means, as the connection shows, that their early impetuosity is past — that he can control them, and is no longer controlled by them. In iii. 3. 265, he again alludes to the fact that he is not ■ young man, but "declined into the vale of years."

265. *Free*. Liberal, bountiful. Cf. i *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 82: "liberal and free;" *T. and C.* iv. 5. 100: "His heart and hand both open and both free," etc.

266. *Defend*. Forbid; as often.

267. *Scant*. Be deficient in, neglect. Cf. iv. 3. 88 below.

268. *For*. Because; but connecting more closely than *for* as we now use it in that sense, as the omission of the comma indicates. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 27, where the modern pointing would make nonsense of the passage. *Toys* = trifles. Cf. i *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard."

269. *Seel*. Blind; a term in falconry. Cf. iii. 3. 210 and *A. and C.* iii. 13. 112.

270. *Offic'd instruments*. My visual and active powers. So *speculation* = vision; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 95: "no speculation in those eyes," etc.

271. *Disports*. Sports, pastimes; ■ in *R. of L.* arg. II: "in several disports."

272. *Skillet*. A small kettle or boiler; still ■ familiar word in New England. S. uses it only here.

273. *Indign*. Unworthy, disgraceful; used by S. only here.

283. *Import*. Concern. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 57: "This letter is mistook, it importeth none here," etc.

286. *With what else*, etc. That is, whatever else your grace shall *think needful*, etc. For a similar transposition, cf. v. 2. 4 below.

289. *Delighted*. Delighting or delightful. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 102:—

"to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted."

Cf. *becomed* = becoming, in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26, etc.

292. *If thou hast eyes to see*, etc. "In real life, how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them" (Coleridge).

297. *In the best advantage*. At the most favourable opportunity. Cf. ii. 1. 237 and iii. 3. 312 below.

305. *Incontinently*. Immediately. It is used by S. only here, but we have *incontinent* in the same sense in iv. 3. 12 below. See also *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 42 and *Rich. II.* v. 6. 48.

312. *Four times seven years*. "It is remarkable that S. has here taken pains to specify the exact age of Iago, as he has specified that of Hamlet. They are perhaps the two most intellectual characters that our poet has drawn; and he has made them nearly of the same age, as if at that period of life a man's intellect were at its culminating point of activity and energy. . . . That Iago should be no more than twenty-eight years old, and yet so versed in worldly ways, so decided in his opinions, so competent in stratagem, so expert in turning the worthiest as well as the weakest points of human nature to his purpose, so utterly without faith in goodness ■ he is, makes him the more an innate villain. . . . He is a hard,

cold-blooded, almost vivacious scoundrel, from inherent disposition, who uses his keen intellect with the same fierce joy in its skill and power to destroy that he uses his sharp dagger or sword" (Clarke).

315. *A guinea-hen.* A cant term for a woman of loose character (Steevens). Hart thinks this meaning is "open to challenge;" but it is accepted by the *Century Dict.* and the *New English Dict.*

318. *Fond.* Foolish; as generally in S.

320. *Virtue! a fig, etc.* Coleridge remarks: "This speech comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man. And then comes the last sentiment: 'Our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion!' Here is the true Iagoism of, alas! how many! Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition of 'Go, make money!' to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre; and when Roderigo is completely won—'I am changed. I'll go sell all my land;' when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of triumph—'Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse!'—the remainder—Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil and only not quite devil—and yet a character which Shakespeare has attempted and executed without disgust and without scandal!"

324. *Gender.* Kind. Cf. *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, 18: "thy sable gender."

325. *Idleness.* See on i. 3. 140 above. *Manured* = tilled, cultivated; the only instance of this obsolete sense in S.

331. *Motions.* Sensual impulses. For *stings*, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 66 and *M. for M.* i. 4. 59. *Unbitted* = unbridled.

333. *Sect.* Cutting; the only instance of this sense in S.

339. *Perdurabile.* An emphatic form of *durable*. Cf. *Hen. V.*

iv. 5. 7: "O perdurable shame!" So *perdurably* = lastingly, in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 115.

340. *Stead.* Help, be of use to; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 165, *M. of V.* i. 3. 7, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 54, etc.

341. *Defeat thy favour.* Disfigure or disguise thy face. For *favour* = face, cf. *Genesis*, xxix. 17, etc.

346. *Sequestration.* Separation, rupture. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 58:—

"Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity."

Sequester is used in the same sense in iii. 4. 40 below.

349. *Locusts.* Perhaps here called *luscious* from their association with *honey* in *Matthew*, iii. 4 (Schmidt).

350. *Coloquintida.* Colocynth, or "bitter apple." Bullein, in his *Bulwark of Defence*, 1579, speaks of it as "most bitter, white like a baule, full of seedes, leaves like to cucumbers," etc.

356. *Erring.* Erratic, wandering; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit," etc. *Supersubtile* is used by S. nowhere else. Cf. *superdainty* (*T. of S.* ii. 1. 189), *superfinical* (*Lear*, ii. 2. 19), etc.

359. *Clean.* Entirely. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "clean from the purpose," etc. See also *Joshua*, iii. 17, *Psalms*, lxxvii. 8, etc.

366. *Hearted.* Seated or fixed in the heart. Cf. iii. 3. 436 below: "hearted throne."

367. *Conjunctive.* Conjoined, united. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 14: "conjunctive to my life and soul."

371. *Traverse.* A military word of command = march, go on. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 291: "Hold, Wart, traverse."

382. *Snipe.* Contemptuous = simpleton; the only instance of the word in S.

384. *It is thought*, etc. Snider (*System of Shakespeare's Dramas*, vol. i. p. 112 fol.) endeavours to show that Iago is really jealous of Othello, and that the latter has been guilty of adultery with Emilia, but I do not think that he makes out his case. That Iago not only

suspects her of infidelity, but has charged her with it, is evident from what she says in iv. 2. 144 fol.; but that passage does not favour the theory that she is guilty.

387. *Will do*, etc. That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. *Holds me well* = thinks well of me.

389. *Proper*. Comely, handsome; as often.

392. *Abuse*. Deceive, delude. See on i. 1. 163 above.

394. *Dispose*. Disposition, temper. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 174:—

“ He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any.” ■■■

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Seaport in Cyprus.* Undoubtedly Famagusta, which was the chief port of the island at that time. See p. 171 above.

2. *High-wrought*. S. is fond of compounds with *high*; as *high-battled*, *high-judging*, *high-reared*, *high-resolved*, *high-sighted*, *high-stomached*, etc.

5. *At land*. We still say *at sea*, but not *at land*. In Florio's *Montaigne* we find “*at shore*.”

7. *Ruffian'd*. Played the ruffian, been boisterous; the only instance of the verb in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 22: “the ruffian billows;” and *T. and C.* i. 3. 38: “the ruffian Boreas.”

8. *Mountains melt*. Perhaps suggested by *Judges*, v. 5: “The mountains melted from before the Lord” (Steevens).

10. *Segregation*. Separation, dispersion; used by S. only here.

12. *The chidden billow*. The brawling, contentious billow (Furness). For the passive form, cf. *delighted*, i. 3. 289 above. S. often uses *chide* in this sense. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 7: “And churlish chid

ing of the winter's wind;" *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 197: "As doth ■ rock against the chiding flood," etc.

13. *Wind-shak'd.* We have *wind-shaken* in *Cor. v. 2. 117*: "the oak not to be wind-shaken." S. uses *shaked*, *shook*, and *shaken* as the participle.

Mane. The quartos have "mayne," the folios "maine," or "main." Most of the modern eds. give "main" (= force, as in "might and main"), but *mane*, as Knight remarks, is "as fine a figure as any in S."

15. *The guards*, etc. Johnson says, "alluding to the star *Arctophylax*." The *constellation* now known as *Boötes* was originally called *Arctophylax*, or *Arcturus*, both of which names mean the *guard* or *keeper of the bear*. The name *Arcturus* was afterwards given to the principal star in the constellation. According to old writers on navigation, the *guards* were the two stars β (*Beta*) and γ (*Gamma*) of *Ursa Minor*, or the Little Bear.

16. *Molestation.* Disturbance; used nowhere else by S.

17. *Enchafed* = chafed, enraged. Cf. *Cymb. iv. 2. 174*: "Their royal blood enchaf'd."

18. *Embay'd.* Land-locked; used by S. only here.

22. *Designment.* Design, enterprise. Cf. *Cor. v. 6. 35*: "serv'd his designments."

23. *Sufferance.* Disaster.

25, 26. The early eds. put ■ colon after *in*, and a comma after *Veronese*, which the quartos spell "Veronessa," and the 1st folio "Verennessa." Some editors take the ship to be "one fitted out by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian state." This is a rather forced explanation; and, as a choice of difficulties, it seems better to suppose that S. forgot for the moment that he had made Cassio ■ Florentine, or that he chose to let the speaker call him ■ Veronese. *Veronese* may be metrically a quadrisyllable; some print it "Veronesé."

30. *On't.* Of it; ■ common use of *on*. For 't is, cf. *Macb. i. 4. 58*: "It is a peerless kinsman;" *T. of A. iii. 1. 23*: "a noble gen-

tleman 't is," etc. Oftener it is used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 70, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 6, etc. Cf. iv. 1. 89 below.

34. *With.* By; often thus used of the agent or instrument.

36. *Full.* Complete, perfect. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 87: "the fullest man;" which Schmidt explains as "one that has more of a man in him than anybody else."

40. *Regard.* View; as in *L. C.* 213: "The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard," etc.

42. *Arrivance.* Arrival; used by S. only here. Clarke notes that there is an unusual number of words in -ce in this play.

49. *Expert and approv'd allowance.* That is, allowed and proved expertness. The relations of adjectives and their nouns are not infrequently thus inverted. See Schmidt, *Lexicon*, p. 1417.

50. *My hopes*, etc. My hopes, not having been unreasonably indulged, may confidently expect to be fulfilled. Malone compares *T. N.* i. 1. 2:—

" Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die;"

and *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 220:—

" O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit."

Henley cites *Proverbs*, xiii. 12: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

60. *Wiv'd.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 145: "I had rather he should shrieve me than wive me;" 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 61: "manned, horsed, and wived," etc.

61. *Achiev'd.* Won; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 210: "Achiev'd her mistress," etc.

Coleridge remarks: "Here is Cassio's warm-hearted, yet perfectly disengaged, praise of Desdemona, and sympathy with the 'most fortunately' wived Othello; and yet Cassio is an enthusiastic

admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. . . . And note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud, bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains."

62. *Paragons.* Excels, surpasses. S. uses the verb, with modified sense, in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 230 and *A. and C.* i. 5. 71.

63. *Quirks.* Conceits; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 245: "odd quirks and remnants of wit," etc. *Blazoning* = praising, extolling; as in *R. and J.* ii. 6. 26: "and that thy skill be more To blazon it," etc.

64. *The essential vesture of creation.* "The real qualities with which creation has invested her" (Johnson). Hart thinks the word may be derived from *essence*, as S. uses it in iv. 1. 16, and defines it as "ethereally pure, or celestial," which gives a finer sense. S. uses *essential* nowhere else.

65. *Does tire the enginer.* Wearies out the inventor, or whoever attempts to devise eulogies worthy of her. The passage has been much discussed, and may be corrupt.

69. *Gutter'd.* Jagged; used by S. only here.

70. *Traitors ensteep'd.* "Traitors concealed under the water" (Boswell). Cf. *steep'd* in iv. 2. 49 below.

72. *Mortal.* Deadly, destructive; as often.

74. *Captain's captain.* Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 336: "And she shall be sole mistress, Cæsar's Cæsar."

75. *Conduct.* Escort. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 148, *T. N.* iii. 4. 265, *Cymb.* iii. 5. 8, etc.

77. *Se'nnight's.* We have *seven-night* in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375 and *W. T.* i. 2. 17. Cf. *fortnight*. It has been supposed that *Jove* was substituted for "God" on account of the statute against the use of the latter on the stage; but Clarke remarks: "We believe it to have been the author's own word, characteristically put into

Cassio's mouth here. To this day Italians use mythological adjurations in common with Christian appeals; and in Shakespeare's time the custom was almost universal."

79. *Tall*. A common epithet for a ship, and = "large and strong, stout" (Schmidt); as in *M. of V.* iii. 1. 6, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 286, and *Lear*, iv. 6. 18. Cf. *tall* in a similar sense applied to men; as in *1 Hen. IV.* i. 3. 62, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 7, etc.

80. *Extincted*. Used by S. only here; but we have *extinct* in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 222 and *Ham.* i. 3. 118, and *extincture* in *L. C.* 294.

82. *Riches*. Singular, as in iii. 3. 173 below. Cf. *Sonn. 87.* 6: "for that riches," etc. The word was originally singular (from the French *richesse*).

86. *Enwheel*. Encompass; used by S. only here.

103. *List*. Desire, inclination; the only instance of this sense in S.

106. *Chides*. Scolds; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 64, 65, etc.

108. *Pictures*. Painted things. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 148 fol.

109. *Bells*. Hart cites Robert Tofte, *Blazon of Jealousy*, where ■ shrew's tongue is likened to a bell; and Peele, *Old Wives Tale*, where Lampriscus says that his first wife had a tongue that sounded "like the clapper of a great bell." But may it not be antithetical to the *wild-cats* and mean "sweet bells" rather than those "jangled out of tune?" Cf. the antitheses in the following lines.

110. *Saints in your injuries*. Sanctimonious when doing injuries.

111. *Housewives*. Often used contemptuously = hussies. Cf. iv. 1. 88 below.

118. *Critical*. Censorious; as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 54: "some satire, keen and critical." S. uses the word only twice; but he has *critic* in the same sense in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 170: "critic Timon." The noun also is always = censurer, carper; as in *Sonn. 112.* 10, *T. and C.* v. 2. 131, etc.

125. *Birdlime*. For the allusion, see *Ham.* iii. 3. 68: "O limed soul!" etc. *Frize* is a coarse woollen cloth, mentioned again in

M. W. v. 5. 146. Steevens quotes *The Puritan*: "The excuse stuck upon my tongue, like ship-pitch upon a mariner's gown."

132. *White*. There is ■ play on *white* and *wight* (Schmidt); and in 135 just below, one on *folly*, which was often = wantonness. See on v. 2. 130 below.

137. *Fond*. Foolish; as in i. 3. 318 above.

142. *Heavy*. Dull. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 47: "cheer'd up the heavy time," etc.

144. *One that*, etc. One who, in the consciousness of her own merit, dare challenge the testimony of malice itself in her behalf.

154. *To change*, etc. As to change a choice bit for one less esteemed. Hart notes that *cod's head* was = a fool; and he thinks the meaning here may be "preferring even a bit of the best of fishes, ■ thing of true worth, for all of an empty-headed courtier."

157. *Wight*. Originally = person, and applied to both sexes. Cf. Drayton, *Muses' Elysium* :—

"These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
Call'd Lirope the bright;
In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight."

159. *Chronicle small beer*. That is, keep petty household accounts. For *small beer*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 8, 13, and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 73.

162. *Profane and liberal counsellor*. Coarse and wanton talker. For *profane*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 54; and for *liberal*, v. 2. 218 below. See also *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 93: "a liberal villain," etc.

164. *Home*. That is, without reserve. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 29: "she 'll tax him home" (reprove him soundly); *Id.* iii. 4. 1: "Look you lay home to him;" *M. for M.* iv. 3. 148: "Accuse him home and home," etc.

165. *In the soldier*. Who might be expected to be blunt.

166. *Well said*. Well done; as in iv. 1. 108 and v. 1. 98 below.

169. *Gyve*. Fetter, shackle; the only instance of the verb in

S. *Courtship* = courtesy; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 363: "Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state," etc.

173. *Play the sir.* Play the fine gentleman. For the ironical use, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 212: "this great sir;" *Cymb.* i. 1. 166: "To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!" etc.

174. *Courtesy.* It is doubtful whether this refers to Cassio or Desdemona, as the word in the sense of an act of salutation was used of both sexes. Cf. *R. of L.* 1338: "The homely villain court'sies to her low."

180. *Warrior.* In playful allusion to her having followed him to the wars; and perhaps Desdemona has the present address in mind in iii. 4. 150 below.

181. *Content.* Happiness, joy; as in 189 and 194 just below. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 3: —

"this night he dedicates
To fair content and you," etc.

199. *Set down the pegs* seems to be a figure suggested by a stringed instrument.

203. Steevens explains *well desir'd* as "much solicited by invitations," but it seems to be simply = well beloved, a favourite. Othello adds, "I have found great love amongst them." *Honey* as an adjective (= sweet) is often applied to persons; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 52., *R. and J.* ii. 5. 18, etc.

205. *Out of fashion.* "Out of conventional method." Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 85.

208. *Master.* That is, the *captain* (as we still use the term), not the *pilot*, as Johnson explains it. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 2, 8, 11, 13, ii. 2. 48, v. 1. 99, *Macb.* i. 3. 7, etc.

214. *Base men*, etc. "The insolent contempt with which Iago treats Roderigo, not even caring to conceal the disdain he feels for his inferiority of intellect and weak credulity, is one of the peculiarities of his tact in swaying this poor dupe" (Clarke). Hart suggests that the sentence may be an "aside."

A nobility, etc. Malone quotes *Ham.* iv. 5. 161: "Nature is fine in love;" and Steevens adds from Dryden: "Why love does all that's noble here below."

- 216. *The court of guard*. The place where the guard musters.
- 220. *Thus*. That is, "on thy lips, and note what I say."
- 222. *But for*. "Only because of"; the only instance in S. of this precise meaning (Hart).
- 228. *Favour*. Personal appearance. See on i. 3. 341 above.
- 230. *Conveniences*. Attractions.
- 231. *Heave the gorge*. Be nauseated. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 207: "my gorge rises at it."
- 235. *Pregnant*. Probable, plausible; as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 23: "'T is very pregnant," etc.
- 237. *Conscionable*. Conscientious; used by S. only here. *Voluble* has the obsolete sense of "changeable, fickle."
- 239. *Salt*. Lustful, licentious; as in *M. for M.* v. 1. 406, *A. and C.* ii. 1. 21, etc.
- 241. *Slipper*. "Slippery" (the reading of the later folios). S. uses the adjective only here.
- 242. *Stamp*. "Make valid and current" (Schmidt).
- 245. *Green*. Inexperienced; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 472, *Ham.* i. 3. 101, etc.
- 247. *Found him*. Found him out. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 216, *Ham.* iii. 1. 193, etc.
- 249. *Condition*. Disposition, qualities. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint."
- 253. *Paddle*, etc. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 115 and *Ham.* iii. 4. 185.
- 256. *Index*. Prologue. The index was formerly placed at the beginning of books. See *Ham.* iii. 4. 52, *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 149, etc.
- 262. *Cassio knows you not*. Cf. i. 3. 341, where Iago has suggested that Roderigo disguise himself.
- 264. *Tainting*. Discrediting, impugning. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 55, etc.

268. *Sudden*. Hasty, impetuous. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 151: "sudden and quick in quarrel."

271. *Whose qualification*, etc. "Whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered as to be well tasted, as not to retain some bitterness" (Johnson). Cf. the use of *qualified* in ii. 3. 32 below.

272. *Displanting*. Displacing, deposing. S. uses the word only here and in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 59.

274. *Prefer*. Advance, promote. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 1. 102: "Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary," etc.

276. *Prosperity*. Success; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 871: "A jest's prosperity," etc.

283. *Apt*, etc. Natural and very credible. Cf. v. 2. 175 below: "apt and true."

291. *I do suspect*, etc. See on i. 3. 384 above. — This thought, originally by Iago's own confession a mere suspicion, is now ripening, and gnaws his base nature as his own 'poisonous mineral' is about to gnaw the noble heart of his general" (Coleridge).

299. *Whom I trash*, etc. For *trash*, a hunter's term = check, keep back, see *Temp.* i. 2. 81. Iago means that he restrains Roderigo like a hound for too impatient pursuit of Desdemona. The folio has "trace," which Halliwell-Phillipps explains thus: "whose steps I carefully watch, in order to quicken his pace;" and Furness indorses this interpretation.

300. *The putting on*. This refers to his picking a quarrel with Cassio, not to his "quick hunting" of Desdemona.

301. *On the hip*. A term in wrestling, meaning to "have the advantage of." Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 47: "If I can catch him once upon the hip;" and *Id.* iv. 1. 334: "Now, infidel, I have you on the hip."

302. *In the rank garb*. In the coarsest fashion. For *garb*, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 390: "comply with you in this garb," etc. For *rank* (quarto reading) the folio has "right," which some editors prefer.

308. *Knavery's plain face*, etc. The full design of knavery is never visible until the moment comes for its being put in practice.

SCENE II.—3. *Mere perdition.* Absolute destruction. Cf. *M.* of *V.* iii. 2. 257: "his mere enemy," etc.

4. *Put himself into triumph.* Give himself up to exultation. Cf. *Per.* i. 3. 24: "puts himself unto the shipman's toil," etc.

6. *Addiction.* Inclination; as in *Hen. V.* i. 1. 54: "Since his addiction was to courses vain." The folio has "addition," which Furness defends, as = disposition, or natural bent.

7. *Nuptial.* S. uses the singular, except here (quarto text only) and *Per.* v. 3. 80.

8. *Offices.* The rooms in the castle where food and drink were prepared and kept.

SCENE III.—1. *Good Michael*, etc. "These few words, introduced at this juncture, are illustrative of Shakespeare's peculiar skill in dramatic art. They seem insignificant; but they give augmented effect to Othello's subsequent anger at Cassio's having been betrayed not only into neglect of duty in preserving order, but into breach of order himself. They also serve to set well before the mind Othello's trust and confidence in Cassio as his chosen officer, and his liking for him as a personal friend; calling him by his Christian name, *Michael*, which, after the one final impressive appeal to him, 'How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?' he never again uses" (Clarke).

3. *Outsport.* Go too far in revelling; used by S. only here.

7. *With your earliest.* Cf. *A. and C.* v. 1. 67: "with your speediest."

12. *Cast.* Dismissed, sent off. See on i. 1. 139 above.

22. *Stoup.* Cup, flagon. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 14, *Ham.* v. 1. 68, etc.

32. *Craftily qualified.* Slyly diluted (that is, by Cassio himself).

33. *Here.* That is, in my head; as a gesture shows.

39. *Dislikes.* Displeases, is distasteful to. For the impersonal use, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 61.

45. *Carous'd.* Drunk. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 300: "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," etc.

46. *Pottle-deep*. To the bottom of the *pottle* or tankard (originally a measure of two quarts). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 223 and iii. 5. 30. We find *pottle-pot* in *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 83 and v. 3. 68.

47. *Swelling*. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 15: "here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock."

48. *That hold*, etc. That is, are sensitive with regard to their honour, or quick to take offence at a supposed insult.

49. *The very elements*. "As quick in opposition — fire and water" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 55: —

"Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven."

Hart explains it as = "as though the first principles; that is, the 'master spirits' of the isle."

54. *If consequence*, etc. If the result do but justify my expectation. "Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*" (Johnson).

56. *Fore*. Not 'fore. It is not a contraction of *before*. *A rouse* = a bumper, or too deep a draught. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 127, i. 4. 8, etc.

60. *Canakin*. A diminutive of *can*; used by S. only here. Steevens cites Barclay, *Ship of Fools*: "some quafes ye canakin halfe full."

71. *Exquisite*. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Captain* :—

"*Lod.* Are the Englishmen
Such stubborn drinkers ?

Piso. — not a leak at sea
Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
Able to knock a Dane down."

74. *Almain*. German (Fr. *Allemand*). Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*: "Of Almains, and to them for their stout captain gave," etc. We find also the forms *Aleman* and *Alman*. So Germany was

called *Almany*; ■ in Harrington's *Ariosto*: "And dwelt in Almany."

81. *King Stephen*, etc. These stanzas are from an old song, "Take thy old cloak about thee," which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 221 : "O King Stephano! O peer!"

84. *Lown*. "Lout, stupid fellow." Cf. *Per.* iv. 6. 19 : "both lord and lown." *Loon* (see *Macb.* v. 3. 11) is the same word.

117. *Equinox*. Equal, counterpart; the only instance of the word in S.

123. *He'll watch*, etc. That is, he will keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or twenty-four hours (forty-eight, if Italian clocks are meant). S. uses *horologe* nowhere else. Cf. Drayton, *Moses*: "The cock, the country horologe," etc.

133. *Ingraft*. Ingrafted, inveterate. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 184: "the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar," etc. Here it may be the participle of *ingraff*. S. uses both *graff* and *misgraff*.

134. *Action*. Metrically a trisyllable. Cf. *patience* in 357 below.

140. *Twiggen*. Covered with twigs, or wicker-work. The quartos read "wicker."

143. *Mazzard*. Head; as in *Ham.* v. 1. 97. S. uses the word only twice.

149. *Diablo!* The devil! ■ Appropriately put into the mouth of the *Italian Iago* (Clarke).

158. *Turn'd Turks*. Proverbially = to change entirely for the worse. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 57, *Ham.* iii. 2. 287, etc.

161. *Carve for his own rage*. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 20: "He may not . . . Carve for himself" (that is, indulge himself, do as he pleases).

164. *From her property*. That is, out of herself. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 150 : "That makes thee strangle thy propriety" (disavow thy individuality).

168. *In quarter*. In peace, or concord (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 108: "keep fair quarter with his bed"; and *K. John*, v. 5. 20: "keep good quarter and good care to-night." Some make it = ■ our posts.

169. *Devesting*. Undressing ; used by S. only here.

170. *Planet*. For the supposed planetary influence, cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162 : "no planets strike."

173. *Peevish odds*. Silly quarrel. *Peevish* often has this meaning.

176. *Are thus forgot*. Have thus forgotten yourself. Cf. "And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 131).

178. *Were wont be civil*. S. often omits *to* where it is now inserted, and *vice versa*. Cf. iii. 3. 77 below.

179. *Stillness*. Quiet. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 4 : "modest stillness and humility."

181. *Censure*. Judgment ; as often.

182. *Unlace*. Slacken, or loosen; or, perhaps, strip off its ornaments (Johnson). Hart thinks it may mean "cut up or break up."

183. *Spend your rich opinion*. Throw away or squander your valuable reputation. For *opinion* = reputation, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 91, etc.

185. *Hurt to danger*. Dangerously wounded.

187. *Something now offends*. Now somewhat pains. The adverbial use of *something* was common.

190. *Self-charity*. Charity to one's self, care of one's self.

193. *My blood*, etc. My anger begins to prevail over my good sense and judgment.

194. *Collied*. Obscured ; literally, blackened as with *coal* or smut ; used again in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 145 : "the collied night." Cf. *collier*.

199. *Approv'd in this offence*. Proved to have been engaged in this offence. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 79 : "approve it with a text," etc.

200. *Twinn'd*. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 67 : "twinn'd lambs ;" *T. of A.* iv. 3. 3 : "Twinn'd brothers," etc.

203. *Manage*. Bring about, set on foot. Cf. the use of the noun in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 148 : "The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl."

204. *The court and guard of safety*. "The very spot and guarding-place of safety" (Clarke).

205. *Monstrous.* A trisyllable, as in *Macb.* iii. 6. 8.

206. *Affin'd.* Influenced by any tie or affinity. See on i. 1. 39 above.

207. *Deliver.* Speak. See on i. 3. 90 above.

216. *Execute upon him.* Wreak his anger upon him.

217. *Entreats his pause.* Begs him to stop. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 68:

■ Must give us pause," etc.

218. *Myself*, etc. "Iago's thoroughly lying account of the incidents that occurred, with his art in seeming to 'mince' the 'matter' and make 'it light to Cassio,' while in fact contriving to give all possible heightening touches of his misdeed, is most skilfully managed in this speech. It will be remembered that, far from pursuing Roderigo and returning to the scene of the conflict, Iago never stirs from the spot, but remains to direct the movements of his puppets, and prompt them in the parts which he has previously designed that they should perform; and that, instead of Cassio's having been 'high in oath,' he has given vent to nothing more offensive in speech than the threats, 'I 'll beat the knave into ■ twiggen bottle' and 'I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard'" (Clarke).

222. *For that.* Because. See on i. 3. 268 above.

240. *Sweeting.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 36: "What, sweeting, all amort?" *T. N.* ii. 3. 43: "Trip no further, pretty sweeting," etc.

242. *Lead him off.* Malone thinks this a stage-direction that has got into the text; but, as Hart suggests, "it is not an unnatural remark after Othello's announcing his intended care."

255. *Sense.* Sensibility, feeling.

257. *Imposition.* According to Schmidt = imposture; but no example of this meaning has been found earlier than 1672. Hart explains it as "that which is imposed, laid, or placed upon." Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 74.

261. *Cast.* Dismissed, cashiered. See on i. 1. 139 above.

262. *Beat his offenceless dog,* etc. A proverbial expression, found in the French, and explained by Cotgrave thus: "To punish ■ man, in the presence of, and for ■ example to the mighty."

268. *Speak parrot.* Talk nonsense ; like discourse fustian just below.

272. *What.* Who ; as in 323 below, and often.

279. *Pleasance.* "Pleasure" (the quarto reading). Cf. *P. P.* 158: "Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care."

284. *Unperfectness.* Imperfection ; used by S. only here. Cf. *unperfect* in *Sonn.* 23. 1 and *Psalms*, cxxxix. 16.

286. *Moraler.* Moralizer ; used by S. only here. Cf. *moral* = moralize in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 29, the only instance of the verb in S. (by some regarded as the adjective).

292. *Hydra.* For the allusion, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 25 and *Cor.* iii. 1. 93. The word is an adjective in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 38 : "this Hydra son of war."

293. *By and by.* Presently ; as often. So *presently* = immediately ; as in v. 2. 52 below.

295. *Unblest.* Accursed ; as in v. 1. 34 below.

299. *Approved.* Proved. Cf. 199 above.

300. *A time.* One time. For this use of *a*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 187 and *Ham.* v. 2. 232, etc.

304. *Denotement.* Denoting, indication. The first folio and first quarto have "deuotement" (devotement), which some prefer, in spite of the "devote . . . devotement." We find *denote* (= mark, indicate) in iii. 3. 416 and iv. 1. 274 below. *Parts* = qualities. Cf. i. 3. 253 above.

310. *Splinter.* Bind up with *splints* ; the only sense in which S. uses the verb. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 118 :

"The broken rancour of your high-swohn hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together."

311. *Lay.* Wager, stake ; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 27 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 159. *Crack* = breach. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 415 : "My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw."

323. *What's.* Who is. See on 272 above.

324. *Free*. Innocent, harmless. See *Ham.* p. 213, and cf. iii. 3. 255 below : "hold her free."

325. *Probal*. Perhaps an abbreviation of *probable* or *provable*. Halliwell-Phillipps found the word in Sampson's *Vow-Breaker*, 1636: "Did not th' assurance of thy lands seeme probal?"

327. *Inclining*. Ready, favourably disposed.

328. *Fruitful*. Bountiful, generous. Cf. *Hen.* VIII. i. 3. 56: "A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us."

329. *As the free elements*. Out of which all things are produced.

336. *Parallel*. Coinciding with his wish or purpose.

338. *Put on*. Instigate. Cf. ii. 1. 296 above.

339. *Suggest*. Tempt ; as often.

343. *Pestilence*. Poisonous suggestion.

344. *Repeals*. Strives to restore him to his place ; literally, recalls.

351. *Cry*. Pack. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 120: "You common cry of curs!"

357. *Patience*. A trisyllable.

363. *Though other things*, etc. "Although our other plans are growing to maturity, yet the fruits of our scheme for the removal of Cassio, as it first bore promising blossom, will naturally first ripen." Iago is trying to inspire Roderigo with patience for the ripening of his plan against Desdemona by bidding him remember that meanwhile his plan against Cassio is succeeding" (Clarke). Johnson explains the passage thus : "Of many different things, all planned with the same art and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Everything cannot be done at once ; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any more than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits grow fair against the sun."

372. *Apart*. Aside. Cf. iv. 1. 68 below.

373. *Jump*. Just, exactly. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 65 : "jump ("just" in folio) at this dead hour ;" and *Id.* v. 2. 386 : "jump upon this bloody question." Cf. the use of the verb *jump* in i. 3. 5 above.

ACT III

SCENE I.—1. *Content.* Reward, pay. Cf. *Rich.* III. iii. 2. 113: “Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you,” etc.

2. *Bid good morrow.* It was the custom for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after their marriage, or to bid them *good morrow* by a morning song. Cf. Milton, *L'All.* 45 (referring to the lark):—

“Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow.”

4. *Naples.* “The Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect” (Clarke).

22. *Quillets.* Quibbles, subtleties; as in *Ham.* v. 1. 94.

28. *Seem to.* A colloquial periphrasis. Cf. *M.N.D.* iii. 1. 19: “let the prologue seem to say ;” *M. of V.* ii. 4. 11: “it shall seem to signify,” etc.

29. *Good my friend.* Cf. i. 3. 52 above: “Good your grace,” etc. *In happy time* = just in time; as often.

35. *Access.* Accented by S. on the last syllable, except in *Ham.* ii. 1. 110.

36. *Mean.* Often used by S. in the singular, though oftener in the plural. Cf. *W.T.* iv. 4. 89, *R. and J.* iii. 3. 45, v. 3. 240, etc.

37. *Converse.* Conversation; as in *Ham.* ii. 1. 42: “your party in converse,” etc. S. accents it on the final syllable in the three instances in which he uses it.

40. *A Florentine.* That is, even a Florentine. Iago was a Venetian; as is evident from iii. 3. 201, 202, and v. 1. 89 fol.

42. *Your displeasure.* That is, the displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

46. *Affinity.* Family connection; used by S. only here. *Wholesome* = sound, reasonable.

49. *Saf'st.* For the contraction, cf. *cunning'st* in v. 2. 11. The

line is found only in the quartos, which have "safest," but the editors with few exceptions print *saf'st*, superlatives being generally thus contracted by S. when the *est* would be an extra syllable in the measure. It is unnecessary and harsh, but it was the usage of the time.

53. *Desdemona*. The folios have "Desdemon" here, as in five other passages. It is probably a mere transcriber's or printer's error.

54. *Bestow you*. Conduct you to ■ place.

SCENE III.—12. *Strangeness*. Distant behaviour. Cf. *V. and A.* 310: "She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind," etc.

14. *That policy*, etc. "He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten" (Johnson).

19. *Doubt*. Suspect, fear; as often.

20. *Assure thee*. Assure thyself, be assured. Cf. *iv. 2.* 199 below.

23. *Watch him tame*. Alluding to the practice of taming hawks by keeping them from sleep. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 46: "you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?" Steevens cites Cartwright, *Lady Errant*:—

"we 'll keep you,
As they do hawks, watching until you leave
Your wildness;"

24. *Shrift*. Confessional. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 192, ii. 5. 68, etc.

28. *Give thy cause away*. That is, give it up.

47. *His present reconciliation take*. "Accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled" (Johnson).

49. *Cunning*. "Knowledge, forethought" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* v. 5. 41 and *T. of A.* v. 4. 28. Cf. also the use of the

adjective = knowing; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 56: "Cunning in music and the mathematics," etc.

52. *Humbled*. Probably a trisyllable.

67. *Check*. Rebuke. See on i. 1. 138 above.

70. *Mammering*. Hesitating; used by S. nowhere else. Malone quotes Lyly, *Euphues*: "neither stand in a mamering, whether it be best to depart or not."

71. *That came*, etc. See on i. 2. 52 above, and cf. 94 fol. below.

77. *As*. As if; a common ellipsis. For the omission of *to* with *wear*, see on ii. 3. 178 above.

79. *Peculiar*. Private, one's own; as in iv. 1. 63 below.

82. *Poise*. Weight. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 122: "Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise," etc.

90. *Wretch*. Sometimes used as a term of tenderness blended with pity. "It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection" (Johnson). Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 44: "The pretty wretch left crying," etc.

113. *Purse*. Wrinkle. In *M. of V.* i. 3. 175 it means to put in a purse; and in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 192 *pursed up* = gained possession of.

115. *Conceit*. Conception, idea. Cf. the use of the verb (= conceives, imagines) in 149 below.

118. *For*. Because. See on i. 3. 268 above.

123. *Delations*. The 1st quarto has "denotements"; the 1st folio and 2d and 3d quartos, "dilations." *Close delations* (suggested by Johnson) is explained as = "secret accusations, hidden intimations." Hart says that *delations* in this sense "is more recent than S.'s time"; but the *New English Dict.* gives an instance as early as 1578, and also includes this passage under that head. The word is not found elsewhere in S. Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Reliquiae Wottonianæ*, 1651, speaking of the *Inquisitori di Stati* at Venice, says that they "receive all secret delations in matter of practice against the Republick."

Working from the heart, etc. "Either 'working from the heart that cannot control its passion of generous indignation,' or 'working from the heart that passionate impulse cannot move to speak out unadvisedly'" (Clarke).

127. *Seem none*. That is, not seem honest men. Johnson makes it = "no longer seem, or bear the shape of men."

130. *Yet there's more*. There's yet more. Yet and only are often thus misplaced by S.

135. *To that all slaves are free to*. That is, to that which all slaves are free to do or not to do; or we may say that *free* is = *not bound*. Cf. *Cymb.* v. i. 7:—

"Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones."

139. *But some uncleanly apprehensions*, etc. "That some injurious suspicions will not occasionally enter into it, keep court there for judging others, and sit side by side, as on a law bench, with more legitimate meditations" (Clarke). *Leets* and *law-days* mean the same. Cf. Bullokar, *English Expositor*, 1616: "A leet is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." On this passage cf. *R. of L.* 853:—

"But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not intrude."

145. *Though I perchance*, etc. "Though I perhaps am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence" (Malone). Clarke believes that *though* is here = "inasmuch as, since;" but this is not absolutely necessary. As he himself remarks, "the confused and imperfect construction in this speech is wonderfully managed, to give the effect of Iago's adoption of a hesitating, unwilling manner; half expressing, half suppressing his suggestions, and whetting his victim's anxiety to hear more by bidding him desire to hear no more."

149. *Conceits*. See on 115 above.

151. *Scattering and unsure observance.* Random and uncertain observation. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 50: "What's to come is still unsure," etc.

155. *Good name*, etc. Malone suggests that S. may have had in mind *Proverbs*, xxii. 1.

160. *Not enriches.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 121: "I not doubt;" *Id.* v. 1. 38: "Whereof the ewe not bites," etc.

166. *Green-eyed.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 110: "green-eyed jealousy." Some editors change *mock* to "make," but I believe that S. wrote *mock*. Furness says: "The meat that jealousy feeds on is the victim of jealousy, the jealous man, who is mocked with trifles light as air." Cf. Hunter: "Jealousy mocks the person who surrenders his mind to her influence, deluding him perpetually with some new show of suspicion, sporting with his agonized feelings, just as the feline tribe sport with the prey which they have got into their power. The cat is *green-eyed*."

172. *Poor and content*, etc. Malone quotes *Dorastus and Fawnia* (the novel on which *W. T.* is founded), 1592: "We are rich, in that we are poor with content."

173. *Fineless.* Infinite, boundless; the only instance of the word in S. For *fine* = end, see *Ham.* ii. 2. 69, iv. 7. 134, v. 2. 15, etc.

180. *Resolv'd.* "Freed from uncertainty" (Furness).

182. *Exsufficate.* Empty, unsubstantial, frivolous. The word is found nowhere else, and was probably coined by S.

183. *Matching thy inference.* That is, such as you have described (in 169, 170 above). S. uses *inference* only here.

186. *Where virtue is*, etc. "An action in itself indifferent grows virtuous by its end and application" (Johnson).

188. *Doubt.* Suspicion; as in 417 below: "a shrewd doubt," etc. *Revolt* is often used of inconstancy in love; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 322, *R. and J.* iv. 1. 58, *Cymb.* i. 6. 112, iii. 4. 57, etc.

200. *Self-bounty.* Inherent generosity.

206. *She did deceive her father*, etc. "This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader."

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence" (Johnson). Cf. Clarke's note on *And so she did*: "In this little speech of four monosyllabic words is contained the moral of Desdemona's fate. Had Othello been able to refute as a foul calumny this insinuated truth of Iago's, the villain's scheme must have come to naught at once. But, unhappily, Desdemona's timidity has led her to conceal from her father her love for the Moor by affecting to dread him; and this former deviation from strict honesty is now enabling a traitor to undermine her husband's faith in her honour."

210. *Seel.* See on i. 3. 269 above. *Close as oak* = close as the grain of oak.

211. *Much to blame.* The folio has "much too blame," as in 282 below. Furness says: "This phrase *too blame* is so common, not only in the folio, but in other Elizabethan authors, that Abbott suggests that perhaps *blame* was considered an adjective, and that *too* may have been used, as in Early English, for *excessively*. Even in modern editions, it seems to me, this *too* should be retained."

212. *Beseech you of your pardon.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance;" *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 45: "whom of succours we entreated;" Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 42: "If it be I, of pardon I you pray," etc.

219. *Issues.* Conclusions. On *reach*, cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 110:—

"the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true;' there 's all the reach of it."

222. *Success.* Consequence; that which *succeeds* or follows. Cf. "bad success" in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 46 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 117.

227. *Erring.* Straying, wandering. See i. 3. 356 above: "an erring barbarian;" and cf. i. 3. 62, 100.

230. *Complexion.* Alluding to the fair skin of Desdemona in contrast with the dark Moorish skin of Othello, and perhaps also,

as Clarke suggests, to the temperament of the Italians in comparison with that of the Moors. For *complexion* = temperament, disposition, see *M. of V.* iii. 1. 32, *Ham.* i. 4. 27, etc.

232. *Rank.* Morbid. Johnson says: "A rank will is self-will overgrown and exuberant." Such refers to what precedes, not to *will*.

234. *Position.* Positive assertion. Cf. ii. 1. 235 above, and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 112.

236. *Recoiling to her better judgment.* Schmidt and Hart make *recoiling* = going back, reverting. Herford explains *recoiling* to as "slipping from the control of." But *recoil* is sometimes used by S. in the sense of "degenerate;" as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 19 and *Cymb.* i. 6. 128; and perhaps that is the meaning here, *to* being = in respect to — though we should expect *from*, as in *Cymb.*

237. *Fall to.* Come to, begin. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 216: "before you fall to play," etc. *Match* = compare; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 194 and *R. and J.* ii. prol. 4.

238. *Happily.* Haply; as often.

240. *Set on thy wife,* etc. "In this brief speech of Othello's the dramatist has wonderfully combined the native nobleness of the speaker with the meanness inevitably supervening from jealousy. The nature of the man revolts from having the probabilities of his chosen wife's fall discussed by the gross lips of Iago, and he abruptly dismisses him; but the vitiating poison of jealousy having once been instilled, the moral dignity that has already taken one step in degradation condescends to desire him to watch, and to *set on his wife to observe*" (Clarke).

249. *His means.* That is, "whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady" (Johnson).

250. *Strain his entertainment.* Urge his reinstatement; "press hard his readmission to his office" (Johnson). For *entertainment* as a military term (= service), cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 13, iv. 1. 17, *Cor.* iv. 3. 49, and *A. and C.* iv. 6. 16.

255. *Free*. Free from guilt; ■ in *W. T.* i. 2. 251, *Ham.* ii. 2. 590, etc.

256. *Government*. Self-control; ■ in *R. of L.* 1400, i *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 31, iii. 1. 184, etc.

259. *Learned*. Experienced.

260. *Haggard*. A haggard was a wild, untrained hawk. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 36, *T. of S.* iv. 1. 196, iv. 2. 39, etc. S. uses the word adjectively nowhere else.

261. *Jesses*. Leather or silken straps attached to the foot of the hawk, by which the falconer held her. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 4. 19: —

"That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight"

(where *let* = hinder). Hart says that this passage from Spenser is "particularly unhappily referred to here" (in my former ed.), because the jesses were still "buttoned about the hawk's leg" when she was set free. I quoted it simply as an illustration of the word *jesses*; but, aside from that, it is pertinent enough. The *Century Dict.* says that the *jess* was "continually worn, and the leash, when used, is secured to this; but the term *jess* must be taken to include ■ short thong with a ring at the end, which is rather the leash and varvel of ancient falconry than the *jess* proper. This is the heraldic sense of the term." The present passage is added as an illustration, and also the following from Marlowe, *Edward II*, ii. 2: —

"Soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses that will pull you down."

In the present passage the word is evidently used in this sense. S. uses the word only here.

262. *Let her down the wind*. "The falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore ■ hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*" (Johnson).

263. *For.* Because. See on i. 3. 268 above. *Black* is not to be taken too literally. It is often opposed to *fair*. Cf. *T. G. of V. v. 2. 12*: "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes." See also *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, etc.

264. *Parts.* Gifts. Cf. i. 3. 253 above.

265. *Chamberers.* "Men of intrigue" (Steevens). Cf. *Romans*, xiii. 13.

268. *Marriage.* A trisyllable.

274. *Prerogativ'd.* "Privileged, exempt from certain evils" (Schmidt).

276. *This forked plague.* The horns of the cuckold. Cf. *W. T. i. 2. 186* and *T. and C. i. 2. 178*. The expression is used in the same sense by Sir John Harrington in one of his *epigrams*.

277. *Quicken.* That is, begin to live. Cf. iv. 2. 66 below: "That quicken even with blowing," etc.

280. *Generous.* Noble; as in *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens;" *Ham.* i. 3. 74: "most select and generous," etc. Cf. the Latin *generosus*.

281. *Attend.* Await. Cf. *M. W. i. 1. 279*: "The dinner attends you, sir," etc.

287. *Napkin.* Handkerchief; the only meaning in S. Cf. 366 below.

292. *A hundred times.* This is apparently inconsistent with the brief time that has elapsed since the beginning of the drama; but it is really an illustration of what Furness (*Hamlet*, vol. i. xv.) calls the poet's "two series of times, the one suggestive and illusory, and the other visible and explicitly indicated." Halpin calls them the *protractive* series and the *accelerating* series; and Christopher North describes them as Shakespeare's "two clocks." Clarke remarks here: "In hardly any play is our dramatist's system of simultaneously indicated long time and short time more visibly and skilfully sustained than in *Othello*. He had to give the brief effect of recent marriage, consequent upon the elopement and secret espousals which occur in the opening of the play; and he

had also to give the lengthened effect of conjugal union, in order to add to the tragic impression of broken wedded faith and destroyed wedded happiness. To produce the former effect, he has made but one night elapse since the arrival of the wedded pair in Cyprus and the celebration of their nuptials; to produce the latter effect, he throws in occasional touches that indicate a longer period."

295. *Reserves.* Preserves, keeps. Cf. *Sonn.* 32. 7: "Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme," etc.

296. *Ta'en out.* Copied; as in iii. 4. 179, iv. 1. 144 fol. below. Cf. Holland's *Pliny*: "Nicophanes [a famous painter] gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and take out their patterns;" and Middleton, *Women Beware*, etc.:—

"she intends
To take out other works in a new sampler."

299. *Fantasy.* Fancy, whim; as in *Ham.* iv. 4, 61, etc.

312. *To the advantage.* Opportunely (Johnson).

313. *Wench.* Cf. v. 2. 270 below. The word, in the time of S., was "not always used in a bad sense, as at present, but as a familiar expression, in any variation of tone between tenderness and contempt" (Schmidt).

315. [*Snatching it.*] The stage-direction was inserted by Rowe. It is not absolutely necessary, but by the practice of the stage it has become "a part of the action of the play and unassailable" (Hart).

316. *Import.* Importance; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 104, *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 91, etc.

318. *Lack.* Miss. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 84, etc.

319. *Acknown.* The meaning is, "do not confess to the knowledge of it." Cf. Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589: "so would I not have a translatour be ashamed to be acknown of his translation." In the *Life of Ariosto* appended to Sir John Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, we read: "Some say he was married to her

privilie, but durst not be acknowne of it." S. uses the word nowhere else.

326. *Conceits*. Conceptions. See on 115 above.

327. *Distaste*. To be distasteful or unsavoury. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 50: "Distasting with the salt of broken tears." It is used transitively (= embitter) in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 123: "Cannot distaste the goodness;" and (= dislike) in *Id.* ii. 2. 66: "Although my will distaste what it elected."

328. *Act*. Action, operation; as in i. 1. 62 above.

329. *I did say so*. Referring to what he has just said. He sees by Othello's looks that the "poison" is burning his blood.

330. *Mandragora*. Mandrake. A powerful soporific, obtained from the *mandrake* (*Mandragora officinalis*). Cf. *A. and C.* i. 5. 4 fol. The forked root of this plant was thought to resemble the human body, and to cause madness and even death when pulled from the ground. See *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 310 and *R. and J.* iv. 3. 47.

331. *Syrups*. Used by S. only here and in *C. of E.* v. 1. 104: "With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers." *Drowsy* = soporific.

332. *Medicine*. Used again as a verb in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 243: "Great griefs, I see, medicine the less."

333. *Ow'dst*. Ownedst, hadst; as in i. 1. 66 above.

336. *Abus'd*. Deceived. Cf. i. 3. 392 above and iv. 2. 138 below.

340. *The next night*. Indication of long time; as if many nights had elapsed.

346. *Pioners*. The word is here = the vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to that office as a punishment. Cf. Davies, *The Art of War*, 1619: "Such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some abject pioneer." Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 163.

347. *So*. Provided that, if; as often.

350. *That make ambition virtue*. Hart quotes *A. and C.* iii. i. 22: "ambition, the soldier's virtue."

352. *The ear-piercing fife.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 30:—

“when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife;”

According to Warton, the fife and drum were used together in the European armies, especially in the German, as early as the first quarter of the 16th century. The fife was subsequently given up in the English service, and we find no mention of it until 1747, when it was used by the order of the Duke of Cumberland in the camp at Maestricht.

354. *Circumstance.* Formal display. S. uses the singular and the plural indifferently. Cf. *R. of L.* 1262 and 1703, etc.

355. *Whose rude throats.* Cf. Milton, *P. L.* vi. 586: “From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar,” etc.

356. *Clamours.* Applied by S. to the sound of cannon (*K. John*, ii. 1. 383), of drums and trumpets (*Id.* v. 2. 168), of tempests (*2 Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 24, *T. and C.* v. 2. 174), etc. *Mortal* = deadly; as in ii. 1. 72.

362. *Hadst been better have been.* This construction, now regarded ■ ungrammatical, is not uncommon in Elizabethan English. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 261, *Ham.* v. 1. 268, etc.

365. *Probation.* Proof; as the context shows. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 156:—

“and of the truth herein
This present object made probation,” etc.

369. *Remorse.* Pity, compunction; as often. Cf. 456 below.

371. *Do deeds*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 121:—

“Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.”

379. *This profit.* This good lesson (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 18:—

“to apprehend thus
Draws ■ a profit from all things we see.”

380. *Sith.* Since; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 6, etc.

381. *Shouldst.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 46: "You should be women, And yet your beards," etc. Iago plays upon the word in his reply.

384. *Be . . . is.* The change from the subjunctive to the indicative is very significant.

386. *Her name.* The reading of 2d and 3d quartos; the folios have "My name," which some defend. See p. 253, footnote.

398. *Living.* "That has the life of truth and fact in it, not founded on mere surmise" (Clarke).

401. *Prick'd.* Spurred, incited. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 75, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 207, etc.

406. *Sleeps.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 30: "Break not your sleeps for that," etc. The plural is often thus used when more than one person or one instance is referred to.

414. *Cursed fate,* etc. "The effect of long time is conveyed throughout this speech" (Clarke).

416. *Conclusion.* Experience; that from which a *conclusion* can be drawn.

417. *A shrewd doubt.* Ground for evil suspicion. For *doubt*, see on 188 above. *Shrewd* originally meant bad or evil; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 246, *K. John*, v. 7. 14, etc.

420. *Yet.* As yet. See on 130 above.

433. *Fond.* Foolish. See on i. 3. 318 above.

435. *The hollow hell.* The folio reading; the quartos have "thy hollow cell," which most editors prefer; but apparently *hell* was intended to be antithetical to the preceding *heaven*. Cf. Milton *P. L.* i. 314:—

"He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded;"

and *Id.* i. 542: "A shout that tore hell's concave."

436. *Hearted.* See on i. 3. 366 above. *Hearted throne* = "the heart on which thou wast *enthroned*" (Johnson). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4.

" It gives ■ very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd."

437. *Fraught*. Freight, load. It is used literally in *T. N.* v. i. 64: "the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;" and *T. A.* i. i. 71: "the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught." Cf. *fraughtage* in *C. of E.* iv. i. 87 and *T. and C.* prol. 13.

438. *Aspics'*. Asps'. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 296, 354, etc.

441. *The Pontic sea*, etc. Steevens suggests that S. took the simile from Holland's *Pliny*: "And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus." The *Propontis*, or *Propontic*, is the Sea of Marmora; the *Pontic* is the Black Sea.

442. *Compulsive*. Used again in *Ham.* iii. 4. 86. Cf. *compulsive* in *Ham.* i. i. 103.

447. *Capable*. Capacious, ample; the only instance of this sense in S.

448. *Marble*. Probably = everlasting (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 87: "Peep through thy marble mansion;" *Id.* v. 4. 120: "The marble pavement closes;" and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 191: "the marbled mansion all above." Furness suggests that the word in these passages "refers to colour, aglow with lacing streaks, and not to texture or substance."

450. *Engage*. Pledge. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 5. 172: "I do engage my life," etc.

451. *Witness*, etc. This apostrophe indicates that S. intended the scene to be in the open air.

452. *Clip*. Embrace, surround. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 34: "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about;" *Cymb.* ii. 3. 139:—

" His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body," etc.

454. *Execution*. Exercise, employment. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 111: "The execution of my big-swoln heart," etc. Cf. the use of

execute in *T. and C.* v. 7. 6: "In fellest manner execute your arms," etc.

456. *Remorse*. Pity; as in 369 above. "It shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of tenderness to obey him; not of malice to others, but of tenderness for him" (Johnson). It may, however, mean "conscience," as Schmidt explains it.

463. *Minx*. Hussy, wanton; as in iv. 1. 147 below. S. uses it elsewhere only in *T. N.* iii. 4. 133, where it suggests rather pertness, as nowadays.

SCENE IV.—2. *Lies*. Lodges, resides. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 137: "Where lies Sir Proteus?" *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 299: "when I lay at Clement's inn," etc. See also Milton, *L'All.* 79: "Where perhaps some beauty lies," etc. This old use of the word occurs rather quaintly in Holinshed, who says of Edward Balliol after his expulsion from Scotland: "After this he went and laie a time with the Lady of Gines, that was his kinswoman." For the play on *lie*, cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 116.

17. *By them answer*. That is, by them be enabled to answer, or get the information to use in my answer.

23. *Should*. Could; as often. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 160: "What should this mean?" For *handkerchief* the 1st quarto has "handkercher," which occurs in some other places in the old eds. It indicates the pronunciation of the time.

25. *Had rather*. See on i. 3. 191 above.

26. *Crusadoes*. Portuguese gold coins current in England in the time of S. They were so called from the *cross* stamped upon them.

38. *Fruitfulness*. Liberality, generosity. Cf. *fruitful* in ii. 3. 328 above.

40. *Sequester*. Sequestration, separation; the only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, see *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 33, etc.

41. *Exercise*. Performance of religious duties. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 242, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 112, iii. 7. 64, etc.

47. *Our new heraldry*, etc. This was thought by Warburton

Douce, and others to refer to the arms of the order of baronets, instituted by King James in 1611; but if the passage contains any such allusion, it must have been inserted some years after the play was written. It is probably only a figurative expression, without the least reference to King James's creation of baronets.

49. *Chuck*. Equivalent to *chick*, and often used as a term of endearment.

51. *Sorry*. Sore, painful; not elsewhere used by S. of ■ mere bodily ailment.

56. *An Egyptian*. Probably ■ gypsy.

57. *Charmer*. Enchantress; the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *Deuteronomy*, xviii. 11: "Let none be found among you that is ■ charmer."

59. *Amiable*. Lovable; as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 2, *K. John*, ii. 4. 25, etc.

64. *Wive*. See on ii. 1. 60 above.

65. *Her*. The antecedent is implied in *wive*.

70. *A sibyl*, etc. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 70: "As old ■ Sibyl; ■ and *M. of V.* i. 2. 116: "as old as Sibylla." *Had number'd*, etc. = "numbered the sun to course, to run two hundred compasses, two hundred annual circuits" (Johnson).

74. *Dyed in mummy*. The balsamic liquor that oozed from mummies was supposed to have medicinal properties. Steevens says that in his day it was still sold in the principal apothecaries' shops.

75. *Conserv'd*. Prepared ■ a conserve; the only instance of this sense in S.

79. *Startlingly*. Abruptly; used by S. only here. *Rash* = *rashly* = vehemently, violently (Johnson). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 36: "most bitterly and strange," etc.

92. *Talk me*. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 190: "No, say'st me so, friend?" etc. See on i. 1. 49 above.

102. '*T is not*, etc. This, like *I ne'er saw this before* just above, helps to give the effect of long time.

104. *Hungerly*. Hungrily. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 262: "I feed
Most hungerly on your sight." It is an adjective in *T. of S.* iii. 2.
177.

107. *Happiness*. Good luck. *Importune* is regularly accented
on the second syllable in S.

110. *Virtuous*. Powerful; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 267: "this
virtuous property."

118. *My benefit*. An act of kindness to me.

120. *Shut myself up in*. S. elsewhere uses *shut up in* = confine.
Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 58, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 279, and *Macb.* ii. 1. 16. The
meaning here seems to be, "confine myself to some other course,
awaiting whatever fortune may bestow upon me."

122. *Advocation*. Advocacy, pleading; used by S. only here.

123. *Nor should I know him*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 253:—

"And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus."

124. *Favour*. Aspect, personal appearance; as in 1. 3. 341
above.

127. *Within the blank*, etc. "Within the shot of his anger" (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his
blank (target)."

136. *Puff'd his own brother*. "And yet he was cool and un-
ruffled" is understood (Malone).

140. *Unhatch'd practice*. Undeveloped treason. For *unhatch'd*,
cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 65; and for *practice* = plotting, see v. 2. 291 below.

141. *Demonstrable*. Used by S. only here; accented on the
first syllable.

142. *Puddled*. "Muddied" (*Ham.* iv. 5. 81), disturbed, or the
Yankee "riled." Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 173: "pails of puddled mire."

145. *It indues*, etc. "It imparts to the other limbs the faculty
of feeling the same pain" (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 180: "na-
tive and indued Unto that element."

148. *Observancy*. Devotion, homage; used by S. only here. For *observance* in the same sense, see *M. W.* ii. 2. 203: "a doting observance;" *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 102: "duty and observance," etc.

149. *As fits*, etc. Another suggestion of "long time." *Beshrew* is a common but mild imprecation.

150. *Unhandsome warrior*. "Unfair assailant" (Johnson). "A lovely reminiscence of her husband's calling her *my fair warrior* in the joy of his first meeting with her on arrival" (Clarke). See ii. 1. 180 above.

155. *Toy*. Whim, fancy. See on i. 3. 268 above.

160. *For*. Because. See on i. 3. 268 above.

168. *Make*. Do. See on i. 2. 49 above.

177. *Continuate*. Uninterrupted, unbroken by other business. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 11: "continuate goodness."

179. *Take out*. Copy (cf. 189 just below). See on iii. 3. 296 above.

193. *Addition*. Credit. *Woman'd* = accompanied by a woman. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 53: "woman me unto 't."

196. *Bring me*, etc. Accompany me; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 2. Cf. *Genesis*, xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, etc.

200. *Circumstanc'd*. That is, I must yield to circumstances.

ACT IV

SCENE. I.—2. *Unauthoriz'd*. So *authorize* is accented by S. on the penult.

3. *Against the devil*. Johnson makes this = "to cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit."

5. *The devil*, etc. "The devil tempts their virtue by stirring up their passions, and they tempt heaven by placing themselves in such

a situation as makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them" (Henley). Cf. *Matthew*, iv. 7.

18. *The raven*. It was believed that the raven hovered near a house in which sickness or infection existed. Cf. Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, ii. 1 : —

"Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Does shake contagion from her sable wings."

24. *Dotage of*. Doting upon, doting affection for. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 52.

25. *Supplied*. "Gratified the desire of" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 212.

31. *To confess, and be hanged*. An old proverb. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 22: "Ho, ho! confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?" and Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*: "Blame us not, but the proverb—Confess, and be hang'd."

34. *Shadowing*. "Full of shapes and images of things" (Schmidt). Johnson explains the passage thus: "This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Sir J. Reynolds says: "Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago."

35. *Noses, ears, and lips*. Steevens compares *W. T. i. 2. 285* : —

"Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip?" etc.

45. *He had one yesterday*. Iago is a liar, and may lie here; but, as Clarke remarks, it helps to give the effect of "long time."

47. *His*. Its; as often. See on i. 3. 96 above.

48. *By and by*. Presently. See on ii. 3. 293 above.

56. *A horned man.* A cuckold. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 266, ii. 1. 47, v. 1. 184, v. 4. 44, etc. See on iii. 3. 276 above.

58. *Civil.* Civilized. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 23:—

“ Ho, who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend.”

62. *Unproper.* Not exclusively their own; with perhaps a play on the other sense. Cf. *proper* = one's own, in i. 3. 69 above. S. uses *unproper* only here, *improper* (= not becoming) only, in *Lear*, v. 3. 221.

63. *Peculiar.* Private, one's own; as in i. 1. 60 and iii. 3. 79 above.

64. *The spite of hell.* Schmidt makes *spite* = “ mortification, vexation” (cf. *V. and A.* 1133); but it seems rather = malice. *The spite of hell* is explained by *the fiend's arch-mock*. The man is not mortified, for he does not know his disgrace.

65. *Secure.* Free from care or suspicion (Latin *securus*). See *Ham.* i. 5. 61. For *lip* = kiss, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 5. 30.

69. *In a patient list.* Within the bounds of patience. For *list* = boundary, see *Ham.* iv. 5. 99.

72. *Shifted him away.* Contrived to get rid of him. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 151:—

“ And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away ”

(that is, contrive to get away).

73. *Ecstasy.* Here = swoon; elsewhere = any state of being beside one's self (rapture, madness, etc.). Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 168, etc.

75. *Encave.* Conceal; used by S. only here.

76. *Fleers.* Mocks; the only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, see *Much Ado*, v. 1. 58, etc. *Scorns* = expressions of scorn. Cf. *I Hen. VI.* i. 4. 39: “ With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts,” etc.

77. *Region*. Part. Cf. *Hen.* VIII. ii. 4. 184: "The region of my breast;" and *Lear*, i. 1. 147: "The region of my heart."

80. *He hath, and is again to cope*. He hath met and is again to meet. Similar ellipses are not rare in S. For *cope* = meet, encounter, see *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 67.

82. *All in all in spleen*. Wholly given up to anger. Cf. *i Hen.* IV. v. 2. 19: "A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen."

88. *Housewife*. Hussy. See on ii. 1. 111 above.

89. *It is*. Used contemptuously; as in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, etc. See on ii. 1. 30 above.

95. *Unbookish*. Ignorant, unskilled; used by S. only here.

98. *Worser*. Cf. i. 1. 93 above. *Addition* = title; as often. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 106, etc.

102. *Caitiff*. Formerly used of both sexes. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 117: "I [Helena] am the caitiff that do hold him to it;" *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 100: "For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care," etc. Here the word is used half playfully, half fondly; like *fool*, *wretch* (iii. 3. 90 above), etc.

108. *Well said*. Well done. See on ii. 1. 166 above.

112. *Do you triumph, Roman?* *Roman* is ironical, suggested by *triumph*.

113. *Customer*. A harlot (cf. 88 above); as in *A. W.* v. 3. 287: "some common customer."

114. *Bear some charity*. As we still say "bear malice," "bear ill-will," etc. Cf. *Hen.* VIII. iii. 1. 63: "Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace," etc.

120. *Scored me*. Johnson (so Schmidt) explains this as = "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life;" Steevens and Clarke take it to mean "branded me," which is more likely to be the meaning.

126. *The other day*. A "long-time" hint.

130. *Bauble*. Contemptuously = plaything; or perhaps = fool. The fool's club or staff was called a *bauble*; as in *A. W.* iv. 5. 32 and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 97. For *me*, cf. i. 1. 49 above.

135. *Hales*. Hauls, draws. See *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 62, etc.

138. *Before me!* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 194 and *Cor.* i. 1. 124.

139. *Fitchew*. Literally, pole-cat; here used contemptuously. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 67 and *Lear*, iv. 6. 124. For the idiomatic use of *such another*, cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 160, *T. and C.* i. 2. 282, 296, etc.

142. *The devil and his dam*. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 151, iv. 5. 108, *C. of E.* iv. 3. 51, *T. of S.* i. 1. 106, etc.

148. *Hobby-horse*. For the contemptuous use of the word, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 76. It was applied to both sexes.

162. *Very fain*. We should not use this expression now, though we say "very gladly," etc.

173. *A-killing*. We still use this old construction colloquially; as in *going a-fishing*, etc.

177. *To-night*. "It is this necessity for *prompt vengeance* on the part of Othello that makes the dramatist throw in occasional touches of short time" (Clarke).

178. *It hurts my hand*. Steevens quotes *A. and C.* iv. 9. 16:—

"throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder," etc.

181. *That's not your way*. That is, you should not think of her excellences instead of her faults.

184. *She will sing*, etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 1096:—

"To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him."

185. *Invention*. Mental activity in general (Schmidt).

188. *Condition*. Disposition. See on ii. 1. 249 above.

193. *Patent*. Privilege, formal permission. Malone compares *Edward III.* 1596: "Why then give sin a passport to offend."

201. *Unprovide*. Unfit, deprive of resolution; used by S. only here.

206. *Let me be his undertaker.* Let me take care of him. *Undertaker* occurs again in *T. N.* iii. 4. 349, where it is = a meddler, or one who undertakes other people's business.

212. *With all my heart.* The phrase is used both as a reply to a salutation (= I thank you with all my heart) and as a salutation (= I greet you with all my heart). For an example of the former, see *Lear*, iv. 6. 32; and for one of the latter, *T. of A.* iii. 6. 27.

228. *Atone them.* Bring them at one, reconcile them. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202: "Since we cannot atone you," etc.

232. *Deputing.* Substituting; as in iv. 2. 222 below.

234. *I am glad, etc.* The speech is probably ironical.

240. *If that, etc.* "If woman's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter" (Johnson). For teem, cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 176, etc.

241. *Falls.* Lets fall; as often. Cf. *R. of L.* 1551: "every tear he falls," etc. For the allusion to the crocodile, cf. Bullokar, *English Expositor*: "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signifie such tears as are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive, or doe harm." According to the same writer, a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London in the poet's time.

264. *Safe.* Sound. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 14: "a safe conscience," etc.

265. *Censure.* Opinion, judgment; as in ii. 3. 181 above. See another example in the preface to the 1st quarto, quoted on p. 10.

269. *Use.* Custom, habit. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 268: "it is still her use;" *Ham.* iii. 4. 168: "For use almost can change the stamp of nature," etc.

271. *New-create.* For the compound, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 81 and *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 42. The hyphen is not in the early eds.

272. *Honesty.* What is becoming or proper. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 204: "I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down," etc.

SCENE II.—2. *Nor ever heard*, etc. A suggestion of “long time.”

3. *And she.* Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 98: “So saucy with the hand of she here ;” *T. and C.* ii. 3. 25: “Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck,” etc.

12. *Durst to wager.* See on ii. 3. 178 above.

13. *Other.* Adverbial = *otherwise*. Cf. 167 below, and *A. W.* iii. 6. 27: “Suppose no other,” etc.

14. *Remove.* Banish, put away. Cf. *R. of L.* 243: “My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing ;” *Id.* 614: “thy will remove,” etc.

16. *The serpent’s curse.* Cf. *Genesis*, iii. 14.

29. *Mystery.* Like function in 27 = trade, occupation. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 30 fol. and *T. of A.* iv. 1. 18. “Othello taunts Emilia with having made a traffic in connivance at stolen meetings between Cassio and Desdemona, and now bids her give a specimen of proficiency in her vocation ; afterwards following up his insult by flinging her money for her ‘pains’ ” (Clarke).

41. *The heavy day !* Cf. v. 2. 97 below.

47. *They.* For *heaven* as a plural (= the heavenly powers), cf. *Rich.* II. i. 2. 6, *Macb.* ii. 1. 4, and *Ham.* iii. 4. 173.

53, 54. *A fixed figure*, etc. A much disputed passage. The 1st quarto has : —

“A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing fingers at—oh, oh.”

The 1st folio reads : —

“The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and mouing finger at.”

The reading in the text is that of the 2d quarto, and is adopted by the majority of editors. “Slow and moving,” which some prefer, is explained as = slowly moving ; but though somewhat similar uses of *and* by S. have been pointed out, this does not seem to me to come under that head. To my thinking, *slow* implies deliberation

(as opposed to hasty judgment) and thus prepares the way for unmoving and emphasizes it. *The time of scorn* = “the scornful world” (Schmidt), or “the scornful spirit of the epoch” (Clarke). The mistake in the folio was doubtless one of the ear in transcribing the manuscript.

56. *Garner'd.* Johnson says: “The *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined;” but a *succession* of metaphors is not a fault, like the *mixing* of them. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 59: “to take arms against a sea of troubles;” and *Id.* iii. 1. 156: “That suck'd the honey of his music vows;” which are not really faulty.

61. *Turn thy complexion, etc.* “At such an object do thou, *Patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell*” (Johnson).

62. *Cherubin.* Regularly used by S. for the singular, except in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50, which has “cherub.” The plural is always *cherubins*.

63. *Ay, there, etc.* The early eds. have “I here” (or “heere”); but *ay* is regularly printed “I” in those eds., and Theobald’s emendation, *Ay, there*, is generally adopted. Hart, however, reads “I here,” referring *cherubin* to Desdemona, and paraphrasing thus: “Do you change colour at these horrible reflections, young and rose-lipped cherub? have patience, look here at me. I am black and grim — the devil.”

67. *Lovely.* For the adverbial use, cf. *I Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 124: —

“I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well.”

68. *Aches.* The folio has “akes,” as regularly for the verb, indicating the pronunciation; but the noun is spelled *ache* (pronounced *atch*) and the plural is a dissyllable; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 370, *T. of A.* i. 1. 257, v. 1. 202, etc. Cf. *speak* and *speech*, *break* and *breach*, etc., still similarly distinguished.

70. *Book.* For the metaphor, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 485, *R. and J.* i. 3. 87, iii. 2. 83, *R. of L.* 615, 1253, etc.

71. *Committed*. "Applied particularly to incontinence" (Schmidt). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 83, etc.

72. *Commoner*. Harlot; as in *A. W.* v. 3. 194.

77. *The bawdy wind*. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 16: "the strumpet wind;" *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 129: "the wanton wind," etc.

82. *This vessel*. This body of mine. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 204 and *Per.* iv. 4. 30. It is sometimes = a person; as in *W. T.* iii. 3. 21, *J. C.* v. 5. 13, etc. The Biblical phrase "the weaker vessel" (= woman) is used in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 276, *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 6, etc.

89. *Married with*. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 40: "to marry with Demetrius." See also *Much Ado*, v. 4. 37, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 219, *Ham.* i. 2. 151, etc. So the transitive verb sometimes; as in *A. and C.* i. 2. 29: "to marry me with Octavius Cæsar;" but *to* is oftener used.

90. *To Saint Peter*. To that of Saint Peter. For the ellipsis, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 125: —

"What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than [that of] secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?"

98. *With who?* See on i. 2. 52 above.

107. *How have I been behav'd?* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 35: "as he is behav'd." We still say "well-behaved."

108. *Least misuse*. Clarke explains the passage thus: "How can I have behaved, that even my least misconduct should have subjected me to the smallest misconstruction on his part?"

115. *Thrown such despite*, etc. This shows that Emilia has been listening at the door.

118. *Such as she says*, etc. "A stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakespeare's time, and which he allowed to his other women generally. So completely did Shakespeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character" (Mrs. Jameson).

120. *Callat.* A coarse or lewd woman, a drab. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 90, *2 Hen. VI.* i. 3. 86, and *3 Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 145. Malone quotes Harrington, *Ariosto*, 1591: "And thus this old, ill-favour'd spiteful callet."

129. *Eternal.* Here, as in *J. C.* i. 2. 160, the word seems to be used, as it still is in some provincial dialects in England, to express detestation or abhorrence. Cf. the Yankee "tarnal."

131. *Cogging.* Deceiving, lying. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 1. 123: "this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion;" *T. and C.* v. 6. 11: "you cogging Greeks," etc. *Slave* is not to be understood literally, but = wretch, as often in writers of the time. Of course Emilia does not suspect that Iago is the person.

139. *Notorious.* Notable, egregious; as in v. 2. 237 below.

140. *Companions.* Contemptuous, as *fellow* now is. See another example in note on 131 just above.

143. *Speak within door.* That is, not so loud as to be heard outside the house (Johnson).

144. *Squire.* For the contemptuous use of the word, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 54.

145. *The seamy side without.* Cf. ii. 3. 44 above: "Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out."

152. *Discourse of thought.* "Discursive range of thought" (Clarke).

153. *Or that.* For *that as* = conjunctive affix, see on i. 1. 71 above.

159. *Defeat.* Destroy. Cf. *Sonn.* 61. 11: "Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat." So the noun = ruin, destruction; as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 598.

161. *It doth abhor me.* It is abhorrent to me, it fills me with horror. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 207 (1st quarto): "Here hung those lippes . . . now they abhorre me."

162. *Addition.* Name, title; as in iv. 1. 98 above.

163. *Vanity.* Splendour, finery; as in *Vanity Fair* (White).

166. *Chide with.* Quarrel with. Cf. *Sonn.* III. 1: "O, for my

sake, do you with Fortune chide; " *Cymb.* v. 4. 32: ■ With Mars fall out, with Juno chide," etc.

169. *Stay the meat.* Are waiting for supper. For *stay*, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 221, etc.

173. *In the contrary.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 182: "as, i' the contrary," etc.

174. *Every day.* They have been in Cyprus only one day, but this gives the impression of "long time." *Daffest me* = dost put me off. *Daff* is only another form of *doff* = *do off*.

178. *Put up in peace what*, etc. We now say "put up with." Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 433: "And basely put it up without revenge."

189. *Respect.* Attention, notice; as in *i Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 31: "If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect," etc.

194. *Fobbed.* Cheated, tricked. The early eds. have ■ *fopt*," and Hart reads ■ *fopped*" (= fooled); but S. does not use *fop* elsewhere as a verb, while he has *fob* three times, not counting the present passage, in which *fobbed* is Rowe's emendation. It is adopted by nearly all the editors. Cf. ■ *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 68: "And resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law;" *Cor.* i. 1. 97: "you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale," etc.

197. *Make myself known.* Cf. i. 3. 341, and ii. 1. 262, where his disguise is referred to.

201. *You have said.* "Well said, quite right" (Schmidt); as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 29, *T. N.* iii. 1. 12, etc.

203. *Intendment.* Intention. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 140 and *V. and A.* 222.

204. *Mettle.* The early eds. make no distinction between *mettle* and *metal*.

209. *Directly.* Honestly, in ■ straightforward manner. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 5. 113: "directly and truly," etc.

218. *Engines.* Some explain this as = instruments of torture. Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 290: "That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature." But it may simply mean "device or contrivance," ■

Schmidt give it. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 5. 21: "their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust," etc.

227. *Lingered*. Prolonged, protracted. For the transitive use, cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 4: "She lingers my desires," etc.

228. *Determinate*. Decisive; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 176: "a determinate resolution," etc. It is = limited, fixed, in *Sonn.* 87. 4 and *T. N.* ii. 1. 11.

230. *Uncapable*. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 5: "Uncapable of pity." Elsewhere S. uses *incapable*.

234. *Harlotry*. Harlot. In *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14 and in *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 199 it is used simply as a term of contempt, not in the literal sense.

240. *Amazed*. In a maze, bewildered; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 356: "Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 139: "Stand not amaz'd," etc.

243. *High supper-time*. High time for supper. *Grows to waste* = is wasting away.

SCENE III.—2. '*T will do me good to walk.*' "One of Shakespeare's subtle indications of physical condition; it shows the restlessness accompanying fever of the mind" (Clarke).

11. *He looks gentler*, etc. His look and manner are calmer, because he has come to a resolved conclusion.

12. *Incontinent*. Immediately. See on i. 3. 305 above.

16. *Wearing*. Clothes; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 9: "With a swain's wearing."

20. *Checks*. See on i. 1. 138 above. *Stubbornness* = harshness; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 19.

23. *All's one*. All the same, very well. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 49: "Well, all is one," etc.

24. *If I do die*, etc. One of the many illustrations of the poet's fondness for presentiments.

25. *Talk*. That is, talk idly, talk nonsense. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 37: "to babble and to talk," etc.

27. *Mad.* Some of the editors would have this mean "wild" or "inconstant," but I see no reason for not taking it as = insane.

31. *To do.* Pope changed this to "ado." *To do* is sometimes used for *ado*, but here the verb may have its ordinary meaning: *I have to do much*, that is, to make a great effort.

35. *Proper.* Comely, handsome. See on i. 3. 389 above, and cf. *Hebrews*, xi. 23.

41. *The poor soul*, etc. S. has here "adapted" an old ballad, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. The original is a man's song, entitled "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love;" and in making it ■ woman's song the poet has varied its diction somewhat. For the old music, see Furness, p. 278.

57. *Moe.* More; used regularly with a plural or collective noun. For *couch* = lie, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 46.

73. *Joint-ring.* A common lover's token in the olden time. Its construction is well explained in Dryden's *Don Sebastian* :—

"a curious artist wrought them
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd,
Yet are they both each other's counterpart;
Her part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda*
(You know these names are theirs), and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now, if the rivets of those rings inclos'd
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye;
But if they join, you must for ever part."

74. *Exhibition.* See on i. 3. 237 above, and cf. also *Lear*
2. 25 :—

"And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition!"

80. *Wrong i' the world.* Perhaps a quibble = "in the world's eye, a conventional wrong"; as White explains it.

85. *To the vantage.* To boot. Lines 85, 86 are prose.

89. *And pour*, etc. Malone compares Sonn. 142. 8: "Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rent."

90. *Peevish*. Foolish. Cf. ii. 3. 173 above.

92. *Having*. Allowance, pin-money. *In despite* = out of malice or vexation; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 17, etc.

93. *Galls*. Bitter feelings. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 237: "they have galls," etc. *Grace* is used "in a theological sense" (Furness).

95. *Sense*. Sensual appetite. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 59, etc.

105. *Uses*. "A repetition of Emilia's word. She has suggested that if husbands do not *use us well*, it will be their fault if we follow their example. Desdemona prays that she may have such *uses* that, instead of imitating the bad by bad, she may be able even to mend and become better thereby" (Furness).

ACT V

SCENE I.—I. *Bulk*. A projecting part of a building; as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 226: "stalls, bulks, windows," etc.

5. *Resolution*. Metrically equivalent to five syllables.

II. *Quat*. Literally, a pustule or pimple. Cf. the contemptuous use of *scab* in *T. N.* ii. 5. 82, *T. and C.* ii. 1. 31, *Cor.* i. 1. 169; etc.; revived in the labour troubles of our day. It is still used in Warwickshire. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "a yong quat of the first yeeres revennew;" and *The Devil's Law Case*, 1623: "O young quat!" *To the sense* = to the quick.

16. *Bobb'd from him*. Fooled him out of. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 1. 75: "You shall not bob us out of our melody." In *T. and C.* ii. 1. 76 and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 334, *bob* = beat, drub.

22. *But so*. The folio reading, probably = "But, soft!" (*M. N. D.* iv. 1. 124, etc.). The quartos have "be 't so," which may be what S. wrote.

25. *Coat*. That is, "coat of proof" or shirt of mail, worn beneath his outer garments. Hearing this, Iago wounds him "in the leg."

26. *Proof.* Trial; as in i. 1. 28 above.

34. *Unblest.* Accurst; as in ii. 3. 295 above.

35. *Forth of.* Out of; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 204, etc.

37. *No passage?* No passers-by? Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 99: "the stirring passage of the day."

42. *A heavy night.* "A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid" (Johnson).

48. *Cries on.* Cries out; as in *Ham.* v. 2. 375: "cries on havoc."

58. *Make away.* Get away. Cf. *make after* (i. 1, 68 above), *makes for* (i. 3. 14), etc. The transitive *make away* = make away with, kill; as in *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 58, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 281, etc.

69. *Cry you mercy.* Beg your pardon. Cf. 93 below.

71. *Brother.* That is, brother officer.

85. *Trash.* Worthless creature. Cf. ii. 1. 299 above.

96. *A chair!* That is, a sedan-chair. Cf. Brome, *The Sparagnum Garden* (acted in 1635), iv. 10: "Shee's now gone forth in one o' the new hand-litters: what call yee it, a Sedan."

98. *Well said.* Well done; as in ii. 1. 166 and iv. 1. 108 above.

106. *Gastness.* Ghastliness, haggard look. We find *gasted* (or 'ghasted') in *Lear*, ii. 1. 57.

117. *Know of.* Find out from.

129. *Fordoes.* Undoes, destroys. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 103, v. 1. 244, etc.

SCENE II.—1. *It is the cause*, etc. "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification from representing to himself the *cause*, that is, the greatness of the provocation he had received" (Steevens). Herford makes *cause* = "the cause of justice (cf. 17 below), to be executed on an adulteress, and hence unfit to be named to the *chaste stars*."

4. *Whiter skin of hers than snow.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 8. 7: "Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out;" and see on i. 3. 286 above.

5. *Alabaster.* The early eds. (except 4th folio) have "alablaster," as elsewhere; the usual spelling in the time of S.

7. *Put out the light,* etc. Warburton pointed the line "Put out the light, and then — Put out the light!" and explained it thus: "The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, ■ much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites." But, as Malone suggests, it probably means, I will now put out the light, and then put out the light of life. This introduces the following reflections as aptly as the other explanation, and seems simpler and more natural. The metaphor is a common one in S. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 1, *Macb.* v. 5. 23, *R. of L.* 191, etc.

11. *Cunning'st.* For this harsh contraction of superlatives, cf. *saf'st* in iii. 1. 49. See also *Macb.* ii. 1. 24, ii. 2. 4, iii. 4. 126, etc.

12. *Promethean heat.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 304, 351: "Promethean fire."

13. *The rose.* The folios have "thy rose" (which Furness prefers) and in the next line but one "smell thee."

21. *This sorrow's heavenly.* "This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is ■ holy passion" (Johnson).

30. *By.* Aside. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24: "Stand thee by, friar," etc.

32. *Forfend.* Forbid; ■ in 184 below. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 541, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 129 ("forbid" in the folios), *Cymb.* v. 5. 287, etc.

42. *That death's unnatural,* etc. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 134: —

"It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth you."

46. *Point on.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 331: "find Hector's purpose Pointing on him;" *J. C.* i. 3. 32: "the climate that they point upon," etc.

52. *Presently.* Immediately; as in ii. 1. 212, ii. 3. 293, and iii. i. 35 above.

63. *Thou dost stone my heart*, etc. "Thou dost harden my heart by denying thy guilt, and causest me to kill thee from wrath at thy perjury, when I intended thy death to be a sacrifice made to justice" (Clarke).

Johnson remarks here: "I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured."

72. *Ta'en order.* Taken measures. Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 4. 288: "Until the duke take ("give" in the folios) order for his burial;" *Id.* iv. 2. 53: "I will take order for her keeping close," etc.

82. *Being done*, etc. "The conflict between his love and his wounded honour is over; he looks upon the act of retribution as *done* when he has lifted his murderous hand against his wife. It is done. For the mere completion of the violence, which will then be mercy, *there is no pause*" (Knight).

90. *By and by.* Presently; as in ii. 1. 279 above.

91. *Like.* Likely; as often.

100. *Yawn.* "As if in bewildered wonder" (Herford). *At alteration* = at the change.

108. *Error.* Aberration. On *more nearer* in the next line, cf. i. 3. 107, 225 above.

131. *Folly.* Wantonness, unchastity; as often. Cf. *R. of L.* 556, 851, *M. W.* ii. 2. 253, iii. 2. 35, *T. and C.* v. 2. 18, etc. There is a play upon this sense in ii. 1. 135 above. See also *Deuteronomy*, xxii. 21.

133. *False as water.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 132:—

"but they were false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters."

See also *T. and C.* iii. 2. 199, *T. of A.* iii. 6. 99, and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 310. Cf. *Genesis*, xl ix. 4.

138. *My husband!* Emilia's astonishment here is sufficient proof that she did not before suspect Iago of being the "eternal villain" that had "devised this slander." See on iv. 2. 132 above.

143. *Chrysolite.* The "golden stone," as the name signifies; a precious stone of a yellow or green colour. Cotgrave calls it "a kind of jasper of a golden lustre." S. mentions it nowhere else.

148. *Iterance.* The quartos have "iteration," which means the same. So in 207 below the quartos have "reprobation," the folios "reprobance."

149. *Villany hath made mocks, etc.* "Villany has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

159. *You were best.* See on i. 2. 30 above.

161. *As I have to be hurt.* That is, to endure being hurt. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 387:—

"I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 130: "More can I bear than you dare execute."

175. *Apt.* Natural; as in ii. 1. 283 above.

181. *Charm.* Check or restrain, as with a charm or spell. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 214: "I will charm him first to keep his tongue;" *Id.* iv. 2. 58: "To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue;" 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 64: "And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 31: "Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue." Examples of the phrase from Ben Jonson, Spenser, Chapman, and others might be added.

190. *I thought so then.* Referring to the suspicions she might have had when she gave the handkerchief to Iago, or later (iii. 4) when she learns how the loss affects Desdemona and Othello.

She was present during all the talk about it. Some critics see a reference to what Emilia says in iv. 2. 129 fol. "She seems to us about to say, 'I thought then that there was villany going on, but little thought my husband was its author.' The very thought that Iago could be capable of such villany causes her to interrupt her half-uttered sentence with 'I 'll kill myself for grief'" (Clarke).

204. *Shore.* The past tense of *shear* = cut, ■ with shears. The participle is *shorn* (as in *Sonn.* 68. 6), but *shore* for the sake of the rhyme in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 347.

206. *Curse his better angel*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 144. 6: "Tempteth my better angel from my side."

207. *Reprobance.* "Perdition, eternal damnation" (Schmidt). See on 148 above.

210. *A thousand times.* An indefinite phrase, but used here to give the effect of "long time." Cf. "a hundred times" in iii. 3. 292 above.

212. *Recognizance.* Token. The word is used by S. only here and in *Ham.* v. 1. 113, where it has its legal sense.

214. *Antique.* Regularly accented by S. on the first syllable, like *antic*, which is really the same word.

215. *My father gave my mother.* This is not consistent with iii. 4. 55 fol. and has been criticised as an oversight in the poet; but, ■ Steevens remarks, it is only a fresh proof of his art. Othello tells the truth here, while there he was frightening Desdemona with a fictitious history of the handkerchief.

218. *As liberal as the north.* As freely as the north wind blows. Cf. *Rich.* II. ii. 1. 229: "a liberal tongue;" and *Cymb.* i. 3. 36: "the tyrannous breathing of the north." Hart thinks the reference is to "the north country and the freedom of speech" there. He cites various allusions to the profanity of the Scots; but he says that he "advances the suggestion with fear and trembling." It is certainly dubious.

229. *Filth.* For the personal use, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 346, *Lear*, iv. 2. 39, etc.

231. *Coxcomb.* Equivalent here to *fool* in its strongest sense.

232. *Are there no stones in heaven*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 49: "Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone." The ancients supposed that a real stone fell with the thunder and did the mischief; and we still use *thunderbolt* as a synonym for the lightning, or the electric discharge.

233. *Precious.* For the ironical use, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 5. 81 and iv. 2. 83.

237. *Notorious.* Egregious; as in iv. 2. 139 above. Iago was not a notorious villain in the modern sense of the word, for his villainy had but just then become known.

245. *I will play the swan*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 1611:—

"And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending."

See also *K. John*, v. 7. 21, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 44, and *Phænix and Turtle*, 15.

251. *A sword of Spain*, etc. "Spanish blades" (*R. and J.* i. 4. 84) were famous for their quality. Steel is tempered by alternate heating and cooling.

262. *Your stop.* What you can do to stop me. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 69: "thy kinsmen are no stop to me," etc. Steevens quotes *Cor. i. 1. 72*:—

"Cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment."

264. *Weapon'd.* Cf. *woman'd* in iii. 4. 194 above.

265. *Butt.* Goal, bound.

267. *Lost.* Wasted, groundless.

268. *A rush.* Often used as the symbol of weakness and inefficiency. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 129, *Cor. i. 1. 185*, i. 4. 18, etc.

270. *Wench.* See on iii. 3. 313 above.

271. *Compt.* The last reckoning-day. It is an old spelling of *count*.

278. *Blow me about in winds.* Douce compares *M. for M.* iii. i. 124:—

“To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.”

285. *His feet.* To see if they are cloven.

291. *In the practice.* Into the snare. For *practice* = plot, cf. i. 3. 102 and iii. 4. 140 above.

295. *Part.* For the adverbial use, cf. *Sonn.* 113. 3, *T. N.* iii. 4. 337, etc.

296. *Consent in.* Plan together, conspire with each other for.

300. *Demand.* Ask, question. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 139: “Well demanded,” etc. *Demi-devil* = “Worse than a devil. Iago is human in form, but he is a bastard, with a devil for one parent. A genuine devil is a higher order of being” (Dowden, quoted by Hart). S. also calls Caliban a *demi-devil*, “a bastard one,” the only other instance in which he uses the word.

313. *Another discontented paper.* Of course Roderigo would not have written these letters. They are simply a device for bringing out facts that are dramatically needed here, though the audience in the theatre already knows them. *Discontented* = “full of dissatisfaction” (Schmidt).

316. *Belike.* Probably; as in *M.N.D.* i. 1. 130, etc.

317. *Satisfied him.* Gave him enough—to kill him; ■ peculiar use of the word.

326. *Cast.* Dismissed, cashiered. Cf. i. 1. 139 and ii. 3. 12 above.

330. *Taken off.* Taken away; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 92: “May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,” etc.

344. *Wrought.* That is, wrought upon. Cf. *W.T.* v. 3. 58:—

“If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,” etc.

345. *Perplex'd.* Used in a much stronger sense than now, = confounded, bewildered, distracted. Cf. 2 *Corinthians*, iv. 8: "perplexed, but not in despair."

346. *Indian.* The reading of all the early eds. except the 1st folio, which has "Iudean." Some have maintained that "Judean" was correct, and that it referred to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away Mariamne, his "jewel" of a wife. On the other hand, Boswell cites in favour of *Indian* Habington's *Castara*:—

"So the unskilfull Indian those bright gems
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'Mong the waves scatters ;"

and Sir Edward Howard, *The Woman's Conquest*:—

"Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I 'le cast away
Than Indians do a pearl that ne're did know
Its value."

Coleridge remarks: "Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's. *Indian*—for I retain the old reading—means American, a savage *in genere*."

349. *The Arabian trees.* "The *acacia Arabica*" (Herford). In *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, 2, the "Arabian tree" is the palm. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 23.

350. *Medicinable.* Medicinal. S. has the word in four other passages (*Much Ado*, ii. 2. 5, *T. and C.* i. 3. 91, iii. 3. 44, and *Cymb.* iii. 2. 33), in all = medicinal, and in all pronounced *med'cinable*, as here. Some editors adopt the "medicinal" of the 1st quarto, but that word, in the only instance in which S. uses it (*W. T.* ii. 3. 37: "Do come with words as medicinal as true") is pronounced

med'cinal, which would not suit the measure here. Other adjectives in -ble are used in an active sense by S.; as *unmeritable* (*Rich.* III. iii. 7. 155), *comfortable* (*Lear*, i. 4. 328), *deceivable* (*T. N.* iv. 3. 21), etc.

351. *Aleppo*. Steevens says: "I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity."

356. *Period*. Ending. Cf. *R. of L.* 380: "the period of their ill," etc. In the present passage there is a kind of play upon the word, to which Gratiano refers in the next speech.

360. *Spartan dog*. The dogs of Spartan breed were especially fierce and savage (Hammer).

367. *Censure*. Sentence, condemnation. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 46: "To suffer lawful censure for such faults," etc.

APPENDIX

WAS OTHELLO A NEGRO?

IN Furness's "New Variorum" edition of *Othello*, — which we may be sure gives ■■ abstract of everything of importance on this as on all questions connected with the play, — some seven pages are devoted to "Othello's Colour"; but the subject appears to have attracted little attention until the present century.

The tradition of the stage made the Moor black. Quin (who retired from the stage in 1750), according to ■ writer in the *Dramatic Censor* (1770), played the part "in a large, powdered major wig, which, with the black face, made such a magpie appearance of his head as tended greatly to laughter"; and he came on "in white gloves, by pulling off which the black hands became more realized."

Edmund Kean seems to have been the first to dispute this old tradition. Hawkins, in his life of the actor (quoted by Furness), says: "Kean regarded it ■■ ■ gross error to make Othello either ■ negro or ■ black, and accordingly altered the conventional black to the light brown which distinguishes the Moors by virtue of their descent from the Caucasian race. . . . Betterton, Quin, Mossop, Barry, Garrick, and John Kemble all played the part with black faces, and it was reserved for Kean to innovate, and Coleridge to justify, the attempt to substitute a light brown for the traditional black."

Coleridge, as Hawkins intimates, was the first of the critics to take ground against the old stage practice. In commenting upon the epithet "thick-lips" applied by Roderigo to Othello, he says:

"Roderigo turns off to Othello; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we suppose this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it,—would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro claim royal birth—at a time, too, when negroes were not known except as slaves? Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and Negro, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary horse.' . . . No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

In iv. 2. 225, Iago tells Roderigo that Othello, if displaced by Cassio, "goes into Mauritania,"—that is, returns to his native country, as Shakespeare evidently regarded it. It is true that, as Knight remarks, "the popular notion of a Moor was somewhat confused in Shakespeare's time, and that the descendants of the proud Arabs, who had borne sovereign sway in Europe ('men of royal siege'), . . . were confounded with the uncivilized African, the despised slave;" but I see no clear evidence that Shakespeare thus confounded them. In the only instance in which he uses the word *negro* (*M. of V.* iii. 5. 42), *Moor* is, indeed, employed as a synonym for it; but this is apparently for the sake of the play upon *Moor*, which follows: "It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is

indeed more than I took her for." The same quibble on *Moor* and *more* occurs in *T. A.* iv. 2. 52, 53, and Aaron the Moor is unquestionably black; but that play is almost certainly the work of an earlier dramatist, with which Shakespeare had little, if anything, to do.

Blackamoor, which did mean *negro*, occurs only in *T. and C.* i. 1. 80: "I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me." This word originated in the confusion of *Moor* and *negro*, or "white Moors" and "black Moors," as they were sometimes distinguished; and the form "black Moor" was in use, as we learn from the *New Eng. Dict.*, down to the eighteenth century.

Shakespeare's word for the negro is *Ethiope*, which occurs eight times, and invariably as a term of contempt. "I 'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*," says Claudio (*Much Ado*, v. 4. 38), when it is proposed that he shall marry another woman in place of Hero, whom he believes to be dead. In one instance the word is an adjective (*A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 35):—

"Such *Ethiope* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance."

Ethiopian is used twice: in a slang way by the Host in *M. W.* ii. 3. 28: "Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? Ha, bully!"—and for the negro in a simile in *W. T.* iv. 4. 375:—

"I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth," etc.

African occurs only in *Temp.* ii. 1. 125, where it refers to the King of Tunis, who has married Alonso's daughter, Claribel.

It is hardly necessary to say that no argument can be based on the word *black*, which is applied to the "dark lady" of the *Sonnets* and to other brunettes, like Rosaline in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 247 fol. and Julia in *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 161, who calls herself "black" when "the lily-tincture of her face" is somewhat browned with travel.

People who ought to know better have, nevertheless, sometimes misunderstood this use of *black*. In a certain anthology of quotations from Shakespeare, published twenty or more years ago, the passage, "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes" (*T. G. of V.* v. 2. 12), is put under the heading "Negroes."

Christopher North (*Blackwood*, April, 1850) expressed his belief that Othello "is black, and all black." He could not conceive "the ethnography of that age drawing, on the stage especially, the finer distinction between a Moor and a Blackamoor or Negro." But the very existence of the word *blackamoor* proves that the distinction was then drawn, though the terms were sometimes confused. Shakespeare's notions on the subject may not have been absolutely clear, but he neither calls Othello an *Ethiope*, nor makes Roderigo, Iago, or Brabantio call him so — which is rather remarkable, and significant withal, when he uses *Ethiope* so often elsewhere as an opprobrious epithet.

Grant White, Halliwell-Phillipps (who says that the reference to Mauritania "surely settles the question"), Hudson, and Verity ("Henry Irving" edition), all agree with Coleridge and Knight, as do Hunter (*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*) and Henry Reed (*Lectures on Tragic Poetry*). On the other side are Lewes (*On Actors and Acting*), and Furness, who says: "Disregarding the 'thick lips' of Iago, or the 'sootie bosome' of Brabantio, or any phrase uttered by Othello's enemies in moments of passion, to me, beyond a peradventure, Othello himself supplies the evidence, 'which will not down,' where he says (iii. 3. 387): —

"My name that was as fresh
As Dian's visage is now *begrime'd and blacke*
As mine owne face."

The epithet 'begrime'd' amplifies and confirms the sooty hue."

I suspect that Furness must have some peculiar association with that word *begrime*, which really suggests filth rather than blackness. This is the only instance of the word in Shakespeare; but

the verb *grime* occurs in *Lear*, ii. 3. 9, where Edgar, planning disguise, says, " My face I'll grime with filth." We find the noun in the Syracusan Dromio's description of the kitchen-wench: " Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why, she sweats: a man may go overshoes in the grime of it." Warburton unnecessarily changed "crime" to "grime" in the same play (ii. 2. 143): " My blood is mingled with the crime of lust." The Century Dictionary defines *begrime* thus: " To make grimy; cover or impress as with dirt or grime;" quoting Macaulay (*History of England*, x.): " The justice-room begrimed with ashes." *Grime* it defines ■■■ " foul matter; dirt; soil; foulness, especially of a surface; smuttiness." The *New Eng. Dict.* defines *begrime*: " To blacken or soil with grime, or dirt which sinks into the surface and discolours it." It quotes, among other illustrations of the word, Holland's *Plutarch* (1603): " Enjoyning men to begrime and bewray themselves with dirt;" and the *Saturday Review* (July 8, 1865): " The blackened and begrimed people who had worked so hard." The instance in *Othello* is also cited.

In his use of " begrim'd" Othello refers to the foul stain upon his name;¹ and in the reference to the blackness of his face there is ■ morbid exaggeration, not unlike that of the poet in the 147th *Sonnet* when he addresses the " dark lady " thus:—

" For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
Who art *as black as hell*, *as dark as night*."

¹ That is, if we read " My name," as in the folios, instead of " Her name," as in the 2d and 3d quartos. Knight follows and defends the former, but all the other recent editors adopt the latter. Dyce says that " my own face " proves that " Her " is right; but that expression seems to be antithetical to " Dian's visage." However we may interpret that the entire context has to do with Desdemona, and the change to " *My* name " would be awkward. It is not likely, moreover, that Othello would compare his own reputation to " Dian's visage." But whichever reading we accept, the reference in " *begrim'd and black* " is the same.

By the way, this is the only instance in which Shakespeare uses *dark* with reference to complexion, except in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 20, "A light condition in a beauty dark," where it is introduced for the sake of the quibble.

Several of the critics have referred to the description of the Prince of Morocco in the folio stage-direction of *M. of V.* (ii. 1) as "a tawny Moor." It shows, as they say, that Shakespeare, long before he wrote *Othello*, knew that the Moors were not negroes. But no critic, so far as I am aware, has seen fully the bearing of the delineation of Morocco upon this question of *Othello's* colour.

Observe that when the prince first meets Portia he assumes that his colour is likely to prejudice her against him. He is sensitive concerning the impression he may make upon her, because, although he has come to Belmont as a mere adventurer, he falls in love with Portia at sight, and promptly avows it. If he chooses the right casket he wins the heiress whether she likes him or not, but, being in love, he would fain be loved in return. "Mislike me not for my complexion," he begs, for it is only "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun;" and he would not change it, he adds, "except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen." Portia treats him with gentle courtesy, quite unlike her bearing toward the self-conceited Arragon; but after he has failed in the trial and gone, she says, "Let all of his complexion choose me so!" When she first heard of his arrival, she had said to Nerissa, "If he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me." It is evident that Morocco was right: the lady had a strong prejudice against even the "tawny" complexion of the Moors, even those of "royal siege." "The complexion of a devil!" The exaggeration is like that of Iago when he warns Brabantio that "the devil will make a grandsire of him" if he is not prompt to avert the disgrace.

Knight remarks that "in the ages of her splendour Venice was thronged with foreigners from every climate of the earth, and

nowhere else, perhaps, has the prejudice of colour been so feeble." This might be true so far as business relations with foreigners were concerned, or the employment of Moors as officers in the army; but there the proud magnificoes of Venice appear to have "drawn the line." They would say to the "tawny" strangers, as Shylock said to Bassanio, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, or pray with you." Brabantio did not go quite so far as that, for he invited Othello to his house, and introduced him to his daughter; but that the Moor should aspire to the hand of the daughter was too much. Othello understood the limits of the Senator's condescension; hence the elopement.

Possibly we have the hint of a similar prejudice against colour—even no darker than a "tawny" hue—in *Temp.* i. 2. 123 fol.: Sebastian, after the shipwreck, says to Alonso:—

"Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African.

* * * * *

You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience,
Which end o' the beam should bow."

The reference to "loathness" seems to imply something more than mere dislike to go so far from home.

Incidentally I may also call attention to the fact that Shakespeare twice uses *tawny* contemptuously with reference to complexion. In *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 263, Lysander calls Hermia "tawny Tartar" a moment after he has addressed her as "you Ethiope." We may infer that she was a brunette, and that Lysander when angry could indulge in hyperbolical epithets, like Iago and the rest. In the opening speech of *A. and C.*, Philo makes sneering allusion to the "tawny front" of the Egyptian queen; and the "gipsy" that follows is another contemptuous allusion to her complexion.

In conclusion, it may be said that Shakespeare's calling Othello a Moor really settles the question. The treatment of the Moorish prince in *M. of V.* proves that the poet knew the complexion of the Moors to be "tawny," not black, and was acquainted with their character and warlike deeds; also that he knew (or supposed) that in *Venice* there was a prejudice against marriage with the Moors on account of their race and colour. This prejudice explains Brabantio's opposition to his daughter's union with Othello, and the exaggerated references to the colour of the Moor put into the mouths of the Senator, Iago, and Roderigo. It also explains Othello's own morbid sensitiveness concerning his colour after he begins to doubt Desdemona's fidelity. It is significant that he does not appear to be sensitive on this point until that time.

Shakespeare also regarded the Ethiopians (or negroes) as an inferior and despised race, and could not have represented one of them as a general in a Venetian army.

THE TIME-ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY

The action covers three days: the first for Act I., the second for Act II., and the third for the rest of the play; with an interval (for the voyage to Cyprus) between the first and second.

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

The numbers in parentheses give the number of lines the characters have in each scene.

Roderigo: i. 1(42), 2(1), 3(16); ii. 1(9), 3(8); iv. 2(36); v. 1(11). Whole no. 123.

Iago : i. 1(108), 2(27), 3(93); ii. 1(156), 3(218); iii. 1(5), 2(1), 3(217), 4(9); iv. 1(134), 2(62); v. 1(75), 2(12). Whole no. III7.

Brabantio : i. 1(46), 2(31), 3(62). Whole no. 139.

Othello : i. 2(38), 3(115); ii. 1(29), 3(56); iii. 2(5), 3(201), 4(50); iv. 1(109), 2(68), 3(6); v. 1(8), 2(203). Whole no. 888.

Cassio : i. 2(16); ii. 1(51), 3(91); iii. 1(21), 3(12), 4(27); iv. 1(31); v. 1(16), 2(14). Whole no. 289.

1st Officer : i. 2(3), 3(2). Whole no. 5.

Duke : i. 3(73). Whole no. 73.

1st Senator : i. 3(28). Whole no. 28.

2d Senator : i. 3(5). Whole no. 5.

Sailor : i. 3(4). Whole no. 4.

Messenger : i. 3(9). Whole no. 9.

Montano : ii. 1(21), 3(33); v. 2(7). Whole no. 61.

1st Gentleman : ii. 1(3); iii. 2(1). Whole no. 4.

2d Gentleman : ii. 1(14). Whole no. 14.

3d Gentleman : ii. 1(17). Whole no. 17.

4th Gentleman : ii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.

Herald : ii. 2(13). Whole no. 13.

Clown : iii. 1(18), 4(12). Whole no. 30.

1st Musician : iii. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

Lodovico : iv. 1(25), 3(2); v. 1(9), 2(40). Whole no. 76.

Gratiano : v. 1(9), 2(17). Whole no. 26.

Desdemona : i. 3(28); ii. 1(30), 3(1); iii. 3(72), 4(80); iv. 1(14), 2(64), 3(57); v. 2(42). Whole no. 388.

Emilia : ii. 1(3); iii. 1(13), 3(28), 4(18); iv. 2(44), 3(49); v. 1(4), 2(86). Whole no. 245.

Bianca : iii. 4(17); iv. 1(12); v. 1(7). Whole no. 36.

"All" : ii. 1(2), 3(2); v. 2(1). Whole no. 5.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of lines in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines is: i. 1(184), 2(99), 3(410); ii. 1(321),

2(13), 3(395); iii. 1(58), 2(6), 3(479), 4(201); iv. 1(293), 2(252), 3(106); v. 1(129), 2(371). Whole no. in the play, 3317. The line-numbering is that of the *Globe* ed.

It may be added that Iago is not only the most intellectual, but also one of the most voluble of Shakespeare's villains. It will be seen that he speaks 1117 lines, or almost exactly one-third of the 3317 in the play. Only two characters in other plays exceed his record: Hamlet, with 1569 lines, and Richard III., with 1161. Henry V., with his 1063 lines, is the only other character, male or female, who has more than a thousand lines.

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